THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1890.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE past week has been remarkable in the history of political parties in this country. It has seen public excitement at its highest degree of tension; it has witnessed a great crisis in the relations of the English Liberals and the Irish Home Rulers; and it closes leaving the great problem still unsolved. The feeling to which we gave expression in these columns a week ago, that in the interests of the Liberal party in England it was necessary that MR. PARNELL should retire from his position at the head of the Irish Home Rulers, was evidently held so strongly throughout Great Britain that no freedom of choice remained for the Liberal leaders. Little as they might desire to interfere with the inner discipline of the Irish members, they could not hide from them the fact that unless MR. PARNELL retired from their leadership the cause of Home Rule could not possibly triumph at the next election, and might be lost for years to come.

THIS view was fully impressed upon the Irish members themselves, not only by the leading Liberal newspapers, but by a personal communication from MR. GLADSTONE to MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, and on Monday and Tuesday last it was confidently expected that MR. PARNELL and his colleagues would recognise the necessity laid upon them, and would bow to it. Parliament met for the Winter Session on Tuesday, and on the same afternoon the Irish members also met, according to their wont, to elect their Chairman for the Parliamentary year. The proceedings in the House of Commons paled in interest before those in the room in which the Irish members were gathered. The debate on the Address in reply to the Queen's Speech—a mere expression of thanks—was tame and uninteresting. The real centre of political gravity lay elsewhere; for almost at the moment when the debate on the Address began, it became known that MR. PARNELL had not only been re-elected leader of his party, but had declared his intention of holding his position. Early in the afternoon he appeared in the House, looking far more buoyant and high-spirited than he has done for months past.

THE announcement fell with tremendous weight upon the Liberal party. It even seemed to stagger the Ministerialists, keenly though some amongst them seemed to be relishing the prospect of a great political rupture. But the weight of the blow, heavy as it was in the first instance, was enormously increased when it became known that on Monday MR. GLADSTONE had addressed to MR. MORLEY a letter in which, in calm but decisive language, he expressed his surprise that he had received no communication from MR. PARNELL as to his intentions, and intimated his own conviction that it was impossible for that gentleman to retain his position as leader of the Irish party, without inflicting a ruinous blow upon the cause of Home Rule. MR. GLADSTONE stated, in conclusion, that as his own public life was now bound up with the question of Home Rule, MR. PARNELL'S retention of his position would probably involve his own retirement from the political scene.

THE publication of this grave letter on Wednesday morning made an immense impression on the public mind. Everywhere it was accepted as being the decisive word, spoken with manly courage, and at the same time with studious moderation, in a most grave and delicate controversy. The first question which men asked themselves was whether MR. PARNELL, and the Irish members generally, were aware of the terms of the letter when they resolved that the former should retain his post as their leader. There seems to be some doubt as to MR. PARNELL; but it is clear that the majority of his followers knew nothing of MR. GLADSTONE'S communication when they met on Tuesday. The agitation which prevailed throughout the Liberal party found its counterpart among the Irish members. They also found themselves in a position of great perplexity, divided between their loyalty to MR. PARNELL and their desire to avoid the shipwreck of Home Rule. A second meeting of their members was held on Wednesday afternoon. At this meeting we understand that MR. SEXTON and MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY both expressed the opinion that the situation was one from which only one mode of escape—the retirement of MR. PARNELL—was possible. The feeling among the Irish members generally seemed to move in the same direction. The meeting was, however, adjourned until Monday next, in order that full communications might be received from America, where so many of the leading members of the party are now engaged.

THE political situation is unquestionably very grave. Not since the abolition of the Corn Laws has there been anything quite like the personal crisis which has occurred this week. For, owing to the special circumstances of the case, it has largely assumed the character of a question between MR. GLADSTONE on the one side and MR. PARNELL on the other. There is no need to say how infinitely MR. GLADSTONE outweighs the member for Cork in the eyes of all English Liberals. There is not one among them who would not sacrifice many MR. PARNELLS for the sake of MR. GLADSTONE. But, on the other hand, the Irish members have their own strong feeling of loyalty to MR. PARNELL, and feel acutely the danger of the situation to their own party if his controlling hand should be removed. They will do well not to weigh their loyalty to their own leader against that of the Liberals to MR. GLADSTONE, but to remember that it is MR. PARNELL who by his own wrong-doing has brought about the present crisis, and that in the highest interests of their country a great personal sacrifice is required of them.

THE Queen's Speech on Tuesday last is remarkable for the amount of prospective legislation which it holds forth, and no less for a significant sentence that follows on these promises. After indicating MR. BALFOUR'S Land Purchase Bill—divided, for convenience, into two bills—SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH'S Tithe Bill, the Bill dealing with Private Bill legislation in Scotland, and possibly in Ireland, and the Bill for "alleviating the burden which the law of compulsory education has in recent years imposed upon the poorer portion of my people," the Speech goes on to say:—"There are several other matters upon which legislation is desirable; but recent experience has rendered

it doubtful whether the time at your disposal will, in your judgment, be sufficient for the consideration of many subjects of an important character beyond those to which I have referred." This reads uncommonly like a hint that the slightest attempt at legitimate obstruction will be watched for and eagerly taken as an opportunity for dissolution. For it is absurd to suppose that, even with the most complaisant Opposition, the Government can get through all the measures actually promised, not to speak of those which are "desirable" merely. We need not point out what the real opportunity is just now. It is sufficient that the Government has hinted what the ostensible occasion will be. Meanwhile we once more congratulate the Liberal Unionists on their prospects of an Irish Local Government Bill during the present Parliament.

On Thursday night Mr. Balfour in a brief speech moved the first reading of his Irish Land Bill—or rather Bills; for he has divided his measure of last session into two parts, the first of which deals more particularly with the congested districts. This division of the measure is a further suggestion of the probability of an early dissolution. Mr. Labouchere opposed the first reading of the Bill on the ground that the country ought to be consulted before its credit was pledged for a scheme of land purchase in Ireland. He was followed into the lobby by 116 members. Mr. Parnell, with a portion of the Irish members, voted with the Government, whilst Mr. Gladstone, and the remaining English and Irish Liberals, abstained from voting. Until a print of the Bill has been examined it is impossible to say in what respects it differs from the ill-contrived scheme of last session; it does appear, however, to give more local control than the original measure provided.

Early on Sunday morning William III., King of the Netherlands, died at the Castle of Loo, in his seventy-fourth year. The end had been expected for some time; the regency of Queen Emma was in good working order; and there seems not the slightest reason to doubt that this regency will be equal to its task until the young Queen Wilhelmina's majority, which will fall in 1898. Eight years is a long period of which to prophesy peace; but the late king's reign has almost taught one to forget the possibility of trouble in the Netherlands. Under him Holland enjoyed the proverbial happiness of having no history at all; and now the most exciting result of his death will be the peaceful transference of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg to the rule of Duke Adolphus of Nassau; for the succession to the crown of the Duchy is regulated by Salic law, and the male line of the House of Nassau is extinguished by King William's death. His first wife had borne him two sons, both of whom died before him. He was a kindly ruler, endowed with all *bourgeois* virtues, intent on commerce and economy, averse to every kind of violence—from war to capital punishment. For Holland he was the best of kings, and for him Holland was the best of kingdoms.

The dispute over the eligibility of women to serve on County Councils has been decided (for the time) in the Law Courts this week. To the first London Parliament Brixton and Bow returned a lady apiece. One of these, however—Lady Sandhurst—was promptly summoned to the Law Courts, and forced to retire by the decision of judges unsympathetically male. Her colleague of Bow, Miss Cobden, remained for twelve months in discreet retirement, and then, relying on the statute which declares that after twelve months no election shall be questioned, reappeared and claimed her rights as County Councillor. But if the female principle has its pioneers, the male principle has its defenders. Sir Walter de Souza, who reveres the law of England more than he regards her daughters, especially when the daughters would vote on the other side, found Miss Cobden intolerable. For principle's sake he turned common informer, and brought an action to recover five penalties of £50 each from Miss Cobden for sitting where she ought not. Mr. Justice Day, on Monday, declared she must sit there no longer, and exacted £25 in each case, making in all £125 and costs. The whole affair is a little absurd, and we can only suggest that Sir Walter de Souza should pay over the penalties he has won to the fund which has been raised for the defence of the ladies, and that all parties concerned should forego for the present any other claims which they may have on the attention of the world.

The Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday made no change in their rate of discount. Few expected that they would, for it would be manifestly unwise. True, during the fortnight ended Wednesday night, they received 5¼ millions sterling in gold from abroad, and they have yet to get about 1½ millions. It is not improbable, therefore, that before long the reserve will reach twenty millions. But as nearly all the gold has had to be borrowed, it will have to be paid back in a few months, and the Bank, therefore, must do its utmost to prevent such a fall in rates as would lead to gold shipments. Yet the joint-stock and private banks are acting as if there was no such necessity. At the beginning of last week they refused to discount on any terms, and they called in loans so recklessly that they very nearly caused a panic. Now they are discounting at 5 per cent., and even under, and they are lending at from 3 to 4 per cent. This is greatly to be regretted, and may cause another scare and another fall on the Stock Exchange. The price of silver is 47⅛d. per ounce, but the market is very unsettled. On Wednesday a rumour was circulated that Mr. Goschen intends to introduce a Bill for the issue of ten millions of one pound notes secured upon silver, and an attempt was made to put up the price. Probably there will be an issue of £1 notes, but they will not be secured upon silver. The attempt of the speculators was not very successful, as it received no support from the United States, where the new Silver Act has proved so complete a failure that the agitation for a free coinage Act is gaining strength, and the Government is at its wits' end how to deal with it.

There has been a very rapid and dangerous recovery upon the Stock Exchange from the panic fall of last week. If it continues, it will lead to fresh mischief. There has been some buying back by speculators, and some investment purchases, but there has also been an active speculation, and under the circumstances that is very risky. The speculators hope that the Bank of England will prevent serious failures, which is absurd. They are also counting upon a continuance of cheap money, which is equally unreasonable. Even panic in Buenos Ayres on Tuesday gave them only momentary uneasiness. On Wednesday they went on buying as rashly as before, yet the state of Buenos Ayres is most serious. The premium on gold there at the beginning of the week was 250 per cent. The Government had to send police into the Bourse, and shut it up, and great numbers of commercial failures are reported. But the City attaches little importance to all this, airily declaring that the Bank of England and Messrs. Rothschild will assist the Republic, and that all will be well. The recovery here is largely due to the rapid recovery in New York, where Mr. Jay Gould, having obtained control of the Union Pacific, the Richmond Terminal, and the Pacific Mail, is now said to be anxious to put up prices. The Continental Bourses too have been wonderfully firm, though the best-informed doubt the reality of their strength.

MR. GLADSTONE'S LETTER.

IN the opinion of a writer in the *Times* on Wednesday last, Mr. Gladstone occupied on that day "the most pitiable and humiliating position that could possibly be conceived for the trusted chief of an historic party." The opinion of most men of honour throughout Great Britain, to whatever party they might belong, happened to be exactly the opposite of that to which the writer of this sentence, and of others still more offensive, thus gave expression. Whether men agreed with Mr. Gladstone or whether they did not, they were unanimous in thinking that his letter to Mr. Morley on the question of Mr. Parnell's position, was as dignified as it was unselfish. It showed the great statesman in the light in which Englishmen love to see their leading men—taking a firm stand upon principle, and prepared to sacrifice every personal consideration to the supreme object of the public good. Mr. Gladstone has justified the highest expectations of his friends, and has filled the heart of every generous opponent with a feeling of pride, by the courage and resolution with which he has faced one of the most difficult moments in the history of his country. That he has, quite incidentally, refuted in the most complete manner the stale calumny that he has espoused the cause of Ireland in order to clear his own way to office, is a small matter, but it is one which deserves to be noticed. As the best representative of all that is best in the public life of England, Mr. Gladstone has given expression, in language at once clear and moderate, to the sentiment which for the past ten days has been uppermost in the minds of the overwhelming majority of his followers. The time is past when a politician with the stain upon his character which is now unhappily borne by Mr. Parnell, can hope to enjoy the confidence of either of the great political parties. There are still among us many who regret this fact; but even they cannot deny that it is a stubborn reality, which no man worthy of the name of statesman can disregard. Mr. Gladstone has not flung himself with hysterical vehemence into the hot cry which has been raised against Mr. Parnell in some quarters. He has not added a word to the load of reproach which has already been heaped upon that eminent man. But he has spoken as a statesman was bound to do, and in every quarter in which men respect moral courage, honesty, and unselfishness, his plain words have been hailed with delight.

It is still at this moment open to doubt whether Mr. Parnell will pursue what seems to most of us to be so plainly the path of duty, and accept with becoming dignity and self-control the punishment which, by his own acts, he has incurred. For our part, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that when he has realised the full truth, and when he knows that anything short of his own self-sacrifice must of necessity retard the consummation of the new era in Ireland for his lifetime at least, he will hesitate as to his duty. We believe fully in the reality of his devotion to his country, and for her sake we feel that he cannot remain where he now is, blocking the very path in which he has hitherto been the pioneer. His followers in the House of Commons have shown their gratitude to him for his splendid services in the past; nor is there a single Englishman who has the right to reproach them for having clung to him, even in his downfall, with an almost passionate attachment. Perhaps the most painful feature of the situation which has existed during the past ten days has been the bitterness and anger with which Irishmen have been assailed because they did not show themselves as eager to turn upon their leader as some zealots in this country were. We should have thought badly of them if they had displayed this indecent haste. But they also must recognise the fact that Mr. Parnell's day of service to Ireland is for the present at an end; and, bitterly as they may deplore the necessity, they must make their choice between loyalty to their leader and loyalty to their country. They can hardly hesitate as to their duty. Painful as the choice must be, they will be found ready, we feel assured, to sacrifice even the remembrance of Mr. Parnell's labours and sufferings on behalf of their common cause, for the sake of that sacred cause itself. If they were to take any other course, if under either the natural irritation caused by the violent language of irresponsible writers and speakers in England, or their sense of personal devotion to their chief, they were to refuse to yield to public opinion in this country, it is plain to everyone that the prolongation of the struggle for liberty in Ireland, for the lifetime of another generation at least, would be the inevitable result.

The Liberal party has never had the right to dictate to its Irish allies; but it has always had the right to determine the principles by which its own course of action shall be guided. We believe that in asserting this right on the present occasion it has acted even more in the interests of Ireland than of England. The time will come when the dark days through which the Irish members are now passing will be seen to have brought to them a blessing in disguise. Certain it is that the action of Mr. Gladstone has averted a great disaster. It has prevented what must otherwise have been inevitable, the continuance of that miserable system of injustice, oppression, and misgovernment, which is now maintained in Ireland under the sanction of the law. We believe, indeed, that if through any failure of judgment on the part of the Irish members the alliance between themselves and the Liberals of England were to be broken down, we should be forthwith plunged into a state of the Irish Question infinitely worse than anything we have yet experienced. It has not been through the energy of the police, the Removable Magistrates, or the absentee Irish Secretary, that the country has been spared in recent years that terrible harvest of crime and outrage which has so often been reaped in the past. The withdrawal of Liberal sympathy from Ireland is not, we trust, possible under any circumstances; but even the withdrawal of the active co-operation of a great English party with Irishmen in the pursuit of just and beneficent ends, would have been a terrible disaster, and might have produced a state of affairs on the other side of the channel worse than civil war. This risk we trust will be averted by the wisdom and patriotism not only of Mr. Parnell's followers but of Mr. Parnell himself.

English Liberals will do well not to close their eyes to the unconcealed manifestations of delight with which Mr. Parnell's fall, and the threatened rupture between their own party and the Irish members, have been received among the supporters of Coercion. There can be no doubt that strong pressure is now being brought to bear upon Lord Salisbury to induce him to dissolve at once; and though a dissolution on such a pretext and under such circumstances would be just as discreditable and disgraceful to those responsible for it as any other "blow below the belt," we cannot say that Lord Salisbury is incapable of it. For our part we shall welcome the dissolution whenever it may come; but none the less does it behove the members of our party to relax no effort in order to make the victory of Mr. Gladstone in the task to which he has consecrated the last years of his life as complete and decisive as possible.

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN'S CASE.

THE Primate's judgment in the Bishop of Lincoln's case deserves unstinted praise for its learning, judicial temper, and admirable tact. In these respects it stands in favourable contrast with some of the decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on the subjects in dispute. Illustrations of this assertion will appear as we proceed. The questions on which the Archbishop was called upon to adjudicate were:—(1) Mixing water with the sacramental wine; (2) the ablutions—*i.e.*, the rinsing of the chalice and paten at the altar at the close of the Communion Service; (3) the eastward position at the celebration of the Eucharist; (4) the *Agnus Dei* (which we shall explain presently); (5) altar lights for symbolical purposes; (6) the sign of the cross in absolution and benediction. Even those who differ from the Archbishop on these points must recognise both his complete mastery of the literature of the subject, and his evident anxiety to be fair all round. It is impossible within our limits to do more than give the salient features of the Primate's judgment, and state what appears to us to be the lesson which it teaches.

The practice of mixing a little water with the sacramental wine is a universal custom of the Christian Church, extending back to Apostolic times. In the First Prayer Book of Edward VI.'s reign there was a rubric ordering the mixing of a little water with the wine during the Communion Service. This rubric was omitted from the subsequent editions of the Prayer Book, and the mixed chalice (to use the technical phrase) has therefore been condemned by the Judicial Committee, in accordance with their sweeping and impracticable rule, that what is not prescribed in the Prayer Book is forbidden—a rule which would abolish many of the recognised accessories of public worship. The Archbishop, in a most luminous historical argument, arrives at the conclusion that the rubric was omitted because Cranmer had learnt from an erudite liturgical work, published at Leipzig and Antwerp in 1534, that the primitive custom of the Church — a custom always prevailing in the Eastern Church—was to mix the water with the wine privately just before the service, not publicly during the service. "It was a custom," as the Archbishop says, "existent in both the Eastern and Western Churches, and in the East all but universal." He has ruled accordingly that the mixture is legal if done in the vestry immediately before the service; illegal, if done ceremonially during the service.

The cleansing of the chalice and paten (commonly called the ablutions) at the close of the Communion Service is ruled to be legal. The wonder is that anybody should consider it worth while to attach any importance to it. The same might, indeed, be said of the eastward position; but some occult significance has been attached to it, and the Archbishop has consequently discussed it with abundant learning. His decision is that the eastward position of the celebrant during the Communion Service is legal, but must not prevent the bulk of the communicants from seeing the ceremony of breaking the bread in the Consecration Prayer. It would be curious had we the space to note at length how circumstances and prejudices change, and even reverse the significance of ritual customs. The eastward position, and in particular the breaking of the bread in that position, is now thought by the Low Church party to symbolise the sacrificial aspect of the Eucharist. Time was when the High Church party in England condemned the eastward position and adopted the northward, because the former was supposed to obscure the doctrine of the Eucharistic sacrifice. The extreme section of the Nonjurors published a Prayer Book of their own in 1718, in which the eastward position is forbidden and the northward prescribed, because the interposition of the celebrant's body between the act of consecration and the people was supposed to hinder them from joining "either in the sacrificial or sacramental part of this office"—a "shocking" notion to divines who held such high views on the sacrificial aspect of the sacrament. In explaining this rubrical direction Brett, one of the most eminent of the High Church non-jurors, says, "I desire that the priest may still be directed to stand at the north side of the table, and not at the place which we at this time call 'before the table'—that is, the west side, with his back to the people." This proves two things—how the eastward position was once a common, if not the prevailing custom; and it was the extreme section of the High Church party who objected to it on the ground that it obscured the very doctrine which the Low Church party now declare it teaches. We wonder that this curious fact escaped the attention of the Archbishop. The Primate's decision on the eastward position is the only part of his masterly judgment which seems open to question on the ground of historical accuracy. He appears to us to lay too much stress on the manual acts in the consecration of the bread and wine being visible to the communicants. There is abundant liturgical evidence to show that the order to "break the bread before the people" may mean "in the presence of the people"—that is, publicly; it does not necessarily mean that the congregation must see the minute details of the service. As a matter of fact, the manual acts were entirely omitted in the Prayer Book from 1552 till their revision in 1661—that is, during the most Puritan period of the English Church—an omission, by the way, which led the Judicial Committee into the extraordinary blunder of asserting that the Prayer of Consecration was altogether omitted during that period. The evidence would have justified the Primate in leaving the whole question of the eastward position optional, and we think that this would have been the better course.

The plain truth is that some of the ceremonies which are now arbitrarily selected as symbols of Popish doctrines had their origin in a perfectly innocent symbolism. The eastward position is a case in point. Christ called Himself "the Light of the world," and His followers "the children of light." Light, and the east whence it rises, have from that time downwards been regarded as emblematical of Christianity, while darkness and the west have been regarded as symbolical of the prince of darkness and his kingdom. Moreover, the idols in the Western temples were generally at the west end, and their worshippers thus worshipped with their faces westward. To mark the contrast, the early Christians performed their most solemn acts of worship facing eastward, the region of the rising sun. In early times converts from heathenism were at baptism made to face westward, and to exclaim three times, with outstretched arms, "I renounce thee, Satan." Then facing eastward they made their profession of faith in Christ. Such was the innocent origin of that eastward position in Christian worship in which the prosecutors of the Bishop of Lincoln find a symbol of Popery. Certainly Popery ought to be grateful to them for giving it so honourable and venerable a pedigree.

It is wonderful what portentous significance a foreign name sometimes gives to a very innocent thing. The *Agnus Dei* is simply Latin for "Lamb of God," and is given liturgically to the following prayer:—"O Lamb of God, that takest away the

sins of the world, have mercy upon us." This prayer is sung to solemn music in some churches immediately after the Prayer of Consecration in the Communion Office. The Bishop of Lincoln's prosecutors made it the basis of one of their charges against him, and the Archbishop has very sensibly dismissed the charge. He also justified, in an elaborate argument bristling with learning, the custom of having two lights on the altar, to signify, in the language of one of the Injunctions of Edward VI., "that Christ is the very true light of the world." On the other hand, the use of the sign of the cross in absolution and benediction is declared to be illegal.

Such is, in brief, the gist of this elaborate judgment. It does not give a decided triumph to either side; and the Archbishop's assessors agreed with the Primate, except in respect to the eastward position, in which there was one dissentient. This is a notable fact, when we remember that the assessors included not only the learned Bishop of Oxford, but the Evangelical Bishop-designate of Winchester (Dr. Thorold). It does not seem to be clear whether an appeal lies from the Archbishop's judgment; but should there be an appeal, it is hardly likely that the Judicial Committee will upset a decision which combines in such a happy way rare learning, great impartiality, and singular prudence. Time alone can show whether the judgment will help the cause of reconciliation and peace; but the omens point that way. It is not long since preaching in the surplice and surpliced choirs were regarded as marks of Popery. The practices on which the Primate has adjudicated will, we believe, soon lose all doctrinal significance, and will be considered as indifferent as the surplice in the pulpit—a result to which the luminous judgment of the Archbishop of Canterbury will have powerfully contributed.

THE SITUATION IN HOLLAND.

THE death of the King of Holland early on Sunday morning has been deprived of much of its significance by recent events. Elaborate precautions tions had been taken at various times during the last four years against the dangers of the present crisis. The phase due to the event of Sunday is only technically a new one. Queen Emma must again formally assume the Regency, but that is all. In the event of the death of Queen Wilhelmine —now ten years old—the crown passes, through the late King's sister, now sixty-six, into the family of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar Eisenach. When the young Queen marries, German influence is not likely to be further strengthened. Speculation is already busy with possible suitors from Belgium or Denmark. The Duchy of Luxemburg, closed to her by the Salic Law, now passes to Duke Adolphus of Nassau—who two years ago made his peace with the late German Emperor for the opposition to Prussia which lost his father his dominions in 1866.

The heir to a modern monarchy—for the hereditary principle was only definitely affirmed in 1747, and the present kingdom dates only from 1815—the late King, at least in his public life, did his best to be a modern monarch. Though driven with his father by popular anger from Brussels in 1830, he made the concessions demanded by the democratic feeling of 1848. Possessed of a large private fortune—due to the commercial enterprise of his predecessors in the last century—he surrendered half his Civil List at his accession. He exhibited the national thrift, it is said, in insuring his life for three million francs. Philanthropic himself, his reign was marked by conspicuous progress, moral and material—the abolition of slavery, the drainage of the Haarlem Lake, the cutting of the great North Sea Canal, and the consequent marvellous growth of Amsterdam. His eldest son, indeed, abandoned his country for a life of eccentric dissipation in Paris. His second son, however, in his rare public appearances, showed himself all that a cultivated prince should be. The monarchy—as some French papers have suggested—may now, perhaps, find its best safeguard in the youth of the Queen and the inexperience of the Queen-Mother Regent. A monarchy virtually in commission is not far from a republic, and whatever designs may be imputed to the present Ministry, they are responsible to the Chambers, and there is a general election next year.

Politically, no doubt, the situation is curious, and not without its dangers. Great changes took place during the latter years of William III.'s reign. The Conservatives of forty years ago have been reduced (as Mr. Van Campen's instructive article in this month's *Westminster Review* has told us) to one daily paper and three men of note. The Liberal party might be described by its enemies as having passed from the Liberalism of 1789 to that of 1793—as having forced an unwilling country to accept a practically secular education, provoked a quasi-Nationalist and religious reaction, and frightened the solid farmers of the North, staunch Calvinists most of them, into alliances with Roman Catholics, and even Socialists. The long and irritating war with Acheen has helped to efface the old party lines, and last year swallowed up something more than the whole colonial revenue. The "advanced" theology by which Dutch thought is perhaps best known in England has given place—at least among the masses—to an old-fashioned Calvinistic Protestantism. "Fads" like anti-vaccination, and we believe Neo-Malthusianism, have found considerable support. The coalition Government, based on the union of "anti-revolutionaries" and Roman Catholics, is itself not unlikely to be broken up at or before next year's elections. The scare raised early this year by Baron Tindal's criticism of the national defences has led to the proposal of universal compulsory military service. Now (as the French clericals know) this wholly unfits Catholic students for a sacerdotal career; and the exemption secured to them by the new law is not expected to be permanent. Possibly, too, the manufacturers in the Catholic South have no wish to diminish the supply of labour. At any rate, a month ago the Catholic electoral committees of Brabant signified their emphatic dissent. The Government tided over the crisis last year due to the rejection of the Colonial Budget by the Upper House —a rejection due partly, it seems, to the excessive missionary zeal of the Colonial Minister, partly to his retention of the traffic in opium. It remains to be seen if it will succeed in carrying the military reforms demanded if Holland is to protect her neutrality and secure the six railway lines over which, we are told, Germany might find it convenient in war-time to bring up troops to the Belgian frontier.

Naturally the fate of Luxemburg is exercising some French journalists. No doubt, its new ruler is German, bound by a certain obligation to the Emperor: commercially it is in the Empire, and two-thirds of its population, it is said, are Germans. Its railways are controlled by Imperial administrators, and recent extensions are said to facilitate the concentration of troops on its frontiers. Nor are the events of 1867 forgotten. But its neutrality is most solemnly guaranteed by the great Powers; its fortresses are dismantled; its Grand Duke probably will not desire to lose his territories

again; and his people, so long as they can, will wish to avoid the blood-tax. The State may probably remain, at least for a time, as a curious historical survival—or, as some political philosophers probably hope, as the precursor of a time when large military States and overgrown armaments shall have passed away.

SOME REFLECTIONS FOR FANATICS.

IT may be too much to hope that the men who have been loudest in their reprobation of Mr. Parnell have at last appreciated their own responsibility for the present crisis. There is a faint sign here and there, perhaps, that common-sense has made itself heard amidst the clamour of a too eloquent morality, and that the penalty of excessive zeal has brought compunction to several pulpits. The champions of "social purity"—a phrase which would carry more weight if it were not so often in mouths that are certainly not golden—are far from harmonious, and we have been treated to the spectacle of one mighty censor irrelevantly denouncing another for apparent leniency to a bygone scandal. But there is nothing to show that these people have yet learnt the very elementary lesson that moral fervour, however sincere and in the main just, ought to be tempered by discretion. Life is a complex business at the best, and the moralist who does not know that human weakness, especially when nations are concerned, demands very delicate handling, and that the invective which prophets have addressed to individual sinners is liable, when applied with the same heat to whole peoples, to do more harm than good, is very indifferently equipped for the exercise of his calling. Matthew Arnold, who was not prone to err in these matters, once charged the whole French nation with worshipping the goddess of lubricity; and it is conceivable that our statesmen might be very gravely embarrassed in a great international crisis, if every pulpit in the country resounded with the same accusation. Within the last fortnight we have seen a blunder of a very similar kind. Not content with condemning Mr. Parnell for an offence which cannot be palliated, our eager moralists have tarred the Irish people with the same brush. We have been told that their loyalty to their leader showed that they were "an obscene race," fit only for military despotism. When every consideration, not merely of tactical expediency but of sound policy, demanded the utmost prudence, when it was plain that a sensitive nation would resent anything like the suggestion that Mr. Parnell's misconduct was identical with the great political cause for which he has done so much, there came a wild outcry from professing Liberals that if Mr. Parnell were not driven from public life as "an infamous adulterer," for whom there was no expiation, they would vote with the Tories at the General Election. Cynics we are accustomed to meet in the highways of the world. At least, they make no pretence to anything higher than an every-day standard of conduct. But the worldly cynic may well have stood aghast at our latter-day Puritans, who, after proclaiming the better government of Ireland to be a sacred mission, declared that they would help the enemies of righteousness to fix more firmly upon that country the fetters of a wicked and senseless administration, and to prolong the evils of centuries, because the Irish leader in his private life had broken a moral law.

Of course, it was impossible to keep this folly at fever-pitch, and now we observe high-strung morality reduced to a quandary of bad logic. The "infamous adulterer," it is admitted even by excited orators from St. James's Hall, may some day be Prime Minister of Ireland. When an Irish Parliament is established, it will be useless for British moralists to rave if the Irish people should call Mr. Parnell to the head of affairs. Had this contingency been fairly faced at the outset, the agitation which has rent the Liberal party might have been kept within legitimate bounds. It might have been contended that Mr. Parnell owed to his own country and ours an expiation, and not a political suicide. Irishmen would then have understood that in England morality does not disown the law of perspective, and that zealous Nonconformists do not confound with one man's sin the welfare of a whole race, now and in ages to come. We should not have been told the manifest untruth, that public integrity depends entirely on a particular department of private morals, as if history did not teem with instances of the greatest devotion to national causes on the part of statesmen whose private lives would not bear the inquisition of Mr. Hugh Price Hughes. We should not have witnessed the gross inconsistency of men who, having applauded Mr. Parnell's public spirit and political generalship for the last ten years, and having accepted his organisation of his party as a conspicuous service to his country, now maintain that "an infamous adulterer" is tainted beyond all forgiveness. If this wholesale censure be just, why is it not retrospective? Mr. Parnell's sin covers nearly the whole period of his leadership, and if he is to be for evermore unfit to represent his country in any senate, he has been equally unfit all these years. If the doctrine that a man's private life colours all his public acts were true, then everything Mr. Parnell has done for the Irish cause ought to stand before us as a patent monstrosity, instead of commanding, on the whole, the approval of all Liberals. Had our fanatics given themselves the trouble to think, this consideration alone might have saved them from such disastrous excess. We do not deny their power. They have made the crisis ten times worse than it need have been. They have inflamed the minds of good but undiscriminating citizens to such a degree, that Mr. Gladstone has been forced to an unprecedented extremity. They have imperilled not only the stability of the Liberal party, but also the policy which Mr. Gladstone had built up with such infinite patience. And they have made it possible for Ireland to be deprived of free institutions till it suits the exigencies of a Tory Government to negotiate with the man whose "infamy" is the theme of the Primrose League as well as of our religious zealots.

For should the Liberal party go to pieces over this question, nothing can be more certain than that some day the Tories will find it expedient to repeat on a bolder scale the tactics of 1885. If they have Mr. Parnell to deal with, they will not be greatly concerned with the memories of a divorce case. They have accused him of far worse crimes than that of which he has been found guilty. Murder, "deliberately organised and coolly applied," is, when practised for the purposes with which Mr. Parnell has been charged by his enemies, even more heinous than the destruction of Captain O'Shea's domestic peace. In 1885 Lord Salisbury did not credit Mr. Forster's indictment of "the Irish Chief." There may come a time when he will be equally insensible to what his party now allege to have been proved by the Special Commission. The private immorality of an Irish statesman, grievous as it may have been, cannot for ever weigh in the scales against the burden of a national problem. What will the fanatics say then? Upon one point we can speak with something like absolute certainty. It would

have been much easier for Mr. Parnell to retire voluntarily, and a thousand times easier for his followers to repudiate him, if the gentlemen who have been teaching us lessons in morality during the past week had curbed their tongues. We have never asked them to refrain from denouncing sin. We neither expect nor desire them to show mercy to a sinner. But at least they might have refrained from aggravating a grave political crisis, and making a solution almost impossible, by classing millions of innocent men and women with a single offender, and by slandering them recklessly in the heat of their passionate indignation.

THE DAKOTA INDIANS.

THERE are statements which, by their brevity and directness, inspire terror even in those who are unable to assign a meaning to them. Mr. Labouchere has told us how he has seen a room full of Liberal Committee-men reduced to intellectual pulp by an announcement couched in these words—"The donkey is walking." The statement, which reaches us from the Far West, that "the tribes are dancing," belongs to the same category of awe-inspiring brevities. The leather-coloured men are going to dance every evening from sun-down to sun-rise between this and April, when they expect the Messiah to appear. The immediate object of the dancing is obvious enough. They wish to induce a condition of cataleptic hysteria, which will render them terrible to the soldiers and indifferent to death. The cause of their desiring to reduce or elevate themselves to this condition is more obscure; and we are not likely, for some time, to be in possession of the materials necessary for forming a judgment. The subject of the Indian appears to be decidedly "off" just now in the American press and periodical literature. Many of our own journalists, with scant courtesy, and an obvious reliance on the article "Indians, American," in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," have jumped to the conclusion that the Sioux feel that they have been "done" in the matter of meal and blankets, having had by now time to form a judgment on the demerits of the agency officials appointed since the advent of the corrupt Harrison administration, when compared with the virtuous "mugwumps" who held office under Grover Cleveland. We do not, however, believe that in these days mere pilfering and cozening in the matter of supplies could produce so deep and widespread an excitement as that reported from the West. Nowadays, even Indians know that there is a remedy for embezzlement short of a Messiah's advent. In our judgment, the rapid advance of civilisation throughout what was formerly the Territory of Dakota—and especially in that part of it which, since 1889, has constituted the State of South Dakota—can alone account for the frenzied alarm in which the Dakota Indians are plunged. They are going to be "moved on" again. There is to be some fresh breach of faith. Their next reservation will be worse than their present—so they fear. And the facts give plausibility to that fear. In 1860 there were only 4,837 people in all Dakota; now there are 600,000. There are, in fact, a thousand more school teachers in the land than there were inhabitants thirty years ago. There are now over 6,600 miles of railway, against none in 1860. The grain crops during the same period have risen from a quite insignificant figure to the enormous total of 77,000,000 bushels; and the yield of gold is nearly 4,000,000 dollars in value. The fact that "No. 1 hard" Dakota wheat fetches 10 cents above the average for the rest of the United States is of itself a powerful incentive of further agricultural settlement inimical to the peace and prosperity of the Indians. If our own prosperity were threatened in this ominous matter, no doubt we should begin a dancing ourselves.

It is always hazardous to criticise measures of policy adopted towards a savage people, without a long and intimate knowledge of their mental traits. Unhappily, in this case, the American Civil Service system leaves room for doubt whether those actually in authority on the spot possess that knowledge themselves. They have a Dr. Rogers in South Dakota; and he has been engaged during the week in an effort to depose "a chief whom he did not elect." The Indian chief declines hitherto to obey this Rogers; neither will he stop dancing. If an officer of ours were to attempt to interfere with a religious dance, so long as it did not involve crime, our experts would blame him for unwarrantable rashness. Rather would a commissioner of ours demand a seat at such a dance, and continually question the dancers as to why they indulged in their gyrations—thus, perhaps, leading them then and there to perceive their unreason. We see that the military officers on the spot support the view of Rogers. But Buffalo Bill, who has independence and experience, cautions his countrymen that an attempt to stop the dancing by the soldiers may only precipitate a conflict. Indeed, we doubt very much if the United States army officers are not the worst of counsellors on an Indian question. Fighting Indians is their sole trade. All their lives long they stand facing that one gruesome foe, their imaginations harrowed and inflamed by camp-fire stories of torture and mutilation inflicted on comrades. No wonder that, in time, they become possessed with a perfect frenzy of hate against "Injins." Not so our own soldiers. They never fight the same savages twice, and enjoy long spells of service in the midst of civilisation.

The above reflections lead on naturally to a whole train of self-glorifying thought touching the superiority of our own methods in dealing with savage races to those actually found prevailing in the United States. The Canadian system, as regards Indians, cannot of itself take high rank among Colonial systems. It is not to be compared, for instance, to the system which has produced the ten thousand well-armed and smartly mounted Basutos who rode forth the other day to give Sir Henry Loch a loyal welcome. Canada has deprived its Indians of self-dependence, and is now painfully winning them back to what Sir John A. Macdonald calls self-sustenance. In its essentials, and on paper, the Canadian system does not differ widely from that of the United States.

The difference in point of success arises from its being more intelligently and laboriously worked, and by a totally different class of men. The officials of the American agencies owe their appointments to political or church influence, and hold them by a precarious tenure. They have practically no monitor save conscience; and, uncertain of their stay, are sometimes in a hurry to make a saving out of their dependents by dishonest means. Nor have they usually any strong motive for bending their energies to the task of mastering the nature and thoughts of those confided to their care—of, as it is said, "getting inside the skin of their parts." It is quite the reverse in Canada. England has given to her Colonies the blessing of a permanent and non-political Civil Service. The Canadian official passes his life in his Department. In time he becomes an Indian first, and an Irishman, or Scotchman, or Canadian afterwards.

Then, too, in the matter of coercive force, the United States Government seems to make the mistake of putting its army in the first line of white defence, instead of having a military police, who—although they may be compelled occasionally to chastise a group of natives—are almost as much the friends of the Red man as the officials of the Native Department themselves—the Militia being called up when an exemplary punishment must be inflicted on a tribe or group of tribes. Possibly the greatest of all advantages which England possesses over the United States in this matter, consists in the fact that our Government is carried on in the name of a Sovereign, and that Sovereign a woman. Savages are hopeless beings from a Liberal Federation Official's point of view. They are incurable aristocrats, nay "snobs." They know a "gentleman" from a "cad," and they would prefer a blow from the former to a hand-shake from the latter. The success of an administrator among English-ruled savages, consists largely in the extent to which he can persuade them that he represents "the Great White Mother who never lies" (as Sitting Bull has called the Queen), or, as the Zulus would express it, that "he comes forth from the Great House beyond the Sun" (*i.e.*, Windsor Castle, which lies at the other side of the Equator from Etchowe). English-ruled savages all over the world think and talk a great deal more about a death or a birth, or a marriage in our Royal Family, than they do about their own harvests. As long as they depend on a King or Queen, their ultimate loyalty is assured. Happily, the great Colonial Governments of Canada, the Cape, and New Zealand so comport themselves as to persuade their natives that they are in very truth "the Queen's men," and, as such, entitled to willing obedience—not that in this their task has been a light one. There is never wanting a Jingo or a feather-headed missionary, or a revengeful and duly convicted drink-seller, who wishes to persuade them that it is otherwise, and thus to make bad blood between them and those to whom the Queen has delegated their government. But whether the actual officers in charge of an English-ruled tribe be Imperial or Colonial, the unhappy American official simply "isn't in it" in comparison with them. Very possibly he has been in turn a school teacher, a lawyer, a major, a lecture-agent for a literary lion from the Savile Club, a bar-tender, an Unitarian minister, and London correspondent of a New York daily—what chance has he with the haughty red men of the plains? They see through him in an instant. His past is dimly revealed to them; and as far as their polysynthetic dialect will allow, tney give him a piece of their mind such as that with which Little Womed favoured Dr. Rogers the other day.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.*

MY knowledge of Richard Monckton Milnes, the first Lord Houghton, dates from 1830, and from the curious mission launched at that date by Cambridge upon Oxford, of which he formed a part. I shall speak of him as a commoner, though he carried his title for more than twenty years, because it was as a commoner that he did the chief work of his life. That mission claims a word for itself. It was a piece of propagandism, with the ostensible aim of placing Shelley above Byron: not so much in the literal way of determining which was the bigger or the brighter star, as with the wider purpose of setting up one kind of poetry against another. In this sense it betokened insight, for it has been strikingly vindicated by our subsequent poetical experience.

This message from Cambridge resembled our missionary societies in purporting to be a gift from a land of greater light to a land of less. I do not admit—no Oxonian would—that Cambridge is greater or more luminous than Oxford. Milnes himself has already told us that the period was exceptional in her annals. At any rate, I must confess that at that epoch we had no such list of undergraduates to present as could be a match for those, all or most of whom were assembled within the great college of Trinity beside the Cam. The deputation was no more than a specimen; but it was a specimen in itself most remarkable. It must needs be a noteworthy triad, in which Milnes was confessedly the least. By him stood Arthur Hallam, immortalised in "In Memoriam." I had known him very closely at Eton: and of all the youths I ever knew, I thought, and still think, he was the one best qualified to brighten and to elevate his kind. The third was Sunderland, whom they, and the current opinion of Cambridge, held to be without doubt the first in force. This was a rich presentment. It a little resembled the friendly visit of the town mouse to the country mouse.

Milnes was a full man, a complex man, and a many-sided man: one about whom it is difficult to write, there is so much to disentangle: more difficult to be silent, for there is that in some of his works which can hardly die, and his personality, too, retains in death the magnetic power it had in his lifetime. It is a lesson in human nature when, in any noticeable point, one man can claim pre-eminence over the entire field of his contemporaries. He had in him a reservoir of sympathy, which few could match; but the specialty, in which the volumes of his biography will show him to have been without a rival, was the power of drawing forth sympathy in return. He imported into friendship the prerogative assigned to love, *amor, che a nullo amato amar perdona.**

We have not indeed much evidence presented to us that, with the remarkable exception of Sydney Smith, he was warmly appreciated by the men of the generation senior to his own, such as Rogers, Milman, Hallam. The rapidity of his insight, and his constant fluttering from the honey of one flower to the honey of another, required, or suited, a disengaged audience, and all the nimbleness of mind, which commonly stiffens with the accumulation of knowledge and experience and the approaches of old age. Nor did he largely yield that silent tribute of deference which it loves. But in cases when he came to be thoroughly known—through long use, as by Bishop Thirlwall; or by his active kindness, as by the poet Campbell—seniors, as well as juniors, were sensible of the spell he cast upon them. In general, the reader will be astonished at the strength of the hold he exercised, and the width of the circle over which it reaches. Under this gentle compulsion, Tennyson, after a vain resistance, breaks his vow never to write again for an Annual; and none owns its sway more than Carlyle, with his rugged though deep nature.

> "Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,
> Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe." †

In this biography, not his acquaintances only, but his friends, are counted by hundreds: and they are found in every country. With two human beings, and two only, is there the least sign of sharp or standing variance—both of them remarkable

* "The Life, Letters, and Friendships of Richard Monckton Milnes, First Lord Houghton." By T. Wemyss Reid. Two vols., with two Portraits. London: Cassell & Co. 1890.

* "Inferno," v. 103. † *Hamlet* iii. 3.

persons. One was George Smythe, Lord Strangford, a man undoubtedly to make enemies as well as friends. The other was Panizzi, whom, harbouring for once an illiberal thought, he regarded as an intruder into his high office at the Museum, because he was a foreigner: but who in truth had a double, nay a treble right to his regard: as a man of warm, large, and free nature, as an accomplished man of letters, and as a victim of political persecution, who came to this country a nearly starving refugee.

Milnes was a philanthropist, a cosmopolitan, a social phenomenon, a poet, and not far from being a great poet; a capital prose writer, a votary of letters in the widest sense, and a politician. If we put together these various capacities, the sum total of his activity is seen to have been wonderful. Butterfly as to the hasty eye he seemed to be, few men have given forth from brain and body a larger aggregate of energy. As a man of genius, we compare him with other men of genius: and no one among them has in recent times aspired to shine in so many and such distinct capacities. We are told that Sheridan, to whom beyond others as writer and as orator the title of brilliancy belongs, was dull in conversation.* Macaulay was a consummate man of letters, whose mere overflow as such passed onwards, without any separate appetite of his own, into society and politics. Disraeli, whose character of Milnes as Vavasour of itself establishes the high order of his powers, had exactly the gifts in which Milnes was wanting—those of concentration and persistence: and all that he said or did was carefully adjusted and subordinated to a central aim. Lord Lytton came nearer to showing the multitudinous propensities of Milnes: but the infirmity of deafness saved him from the risk of too much diffusion in that wide social sphere which drew off, and in one sense wasted, so much of the energy of Milnes.

The question naturally arises, Which among so many ambitions was the favourite? At one point in the biography, he is charged with having talked largely in favour of polygamy. Certainly, as respects intellectual bridals, he was most polygamous: and it may be hard to say whether, as with Priam and even among the Mormons, any one wife was really supreme. But undoubtedly he had a very strong desire to excel in the sphere of politics: and it was in this sphere alone, of all in which he moved, that he could be said to fail.

Sir Robert Peel showed his appreciation of Milnes's literary judgment by consulting him on the granting of pensions, but withheld from him the more coveted prize of office. The loyalty of his biographer accounts for this pretermission by supposing that the Minister regarded the literary character as implying an unfitness for political employment. But Lord Palmerston seems to have judged as Peel did: for the office of a Lordship of the Treasury, when Milnes had long ceased to be young, amounted to the same thing. And my belief is that Peel was both too rational and too just to apply any such disqualifying test; nay, even that he would have been glad, *cæteris paribus*, to enrol men of letters in his official *corps*. He looked, I think, or tried and meant to look, for capacity alone: that is, for the particular species of capacity which was needed for his purpose. Milnes's father, of whom the biography contains a most interesting account, had himself shown both oratorical and political capacity, and was deeply anxious that Richard should excel in public life; but he does not appear at any time to have given a direction to the studies, or to have aimed at forming the mental habits, of his son, in a manner favourable to the accomplishment of his own wishes. Undoubtedly the son lay under no natural disability: and the disqualification for this kind of eminence, if real, is to be sought in the chosen habits of his life.

With those who knew Milnes, it was among the most familiar commonplaces that he had an unbounded love of paradox. I recollect an instance which is characteristic enough to be worthy of record; all the more so because it was delivered in the house of Dean Milman, and in the presence of Lord Macaulay. He was not to be tempered by the one, or stamped out by the other. The law of copyright came up as a topic of conversation; and Milnes maintained that anything less than the acknowledgment of a perpetual and indefeasible property in literary works was in principle sheer robbery. Presently there was a transition to the question how far one author is entitled to appropriate from another. Here, again, he was equal to himself. He maintained that there was no such thing as plagiarism—no bounds whatever to justifiable appropriation, whether by quotation or by extract, or by simply changing the costume of thought. Everything would have fallen within the scope of his allowance, except a simple reprint. Thus he would destroy his own idol, and use one of his paradoxes to pelt another.

This tendency to conversational extremes was not with him, as it might conceivably be with others, a desire to supply, by spasm of the mind, any defect of spontaneity and energy in its natural movement. For he had both in abundance; his conversation was never either feeble or laboured; without any tendency to encroachment or excess, it was rich with the stores of an original as well as many-sided mind. But his paradoxes were not abstract only; they had a practical side. If a great cause, or a problem of disputable conduct, were in question, he was sure to be in the minority, provided that minority were small enough. Probably no man ever fought so many battles as one of an army that might be counted on the fingers. Stagnation was the one thing that he could not bear, dulness the atmosphere in which he could not breathe. So he constantly set up targets, or even men of straw, to provoke counter-statement for his light artillery to play upon. He was never heard to carry on a keen and sustained, much less an angry or a heated, argument. Still, the ruling habit of his mind, as it shaped itself from clay, was eclectic and antagonistic; and in a duller man would have been disputatious. Now, such a habit of mind seems to be the exact opposite of what is wanted in political, and especially in official, life. In the multitude, complexity, and diversity of public affairs, there are real difficulties enough and to spare: paradox and idiosyncrasy are trespassers, and with a hue and cry must be summarily turned adrift. What is wanted above all things, in the business of joint counsel, is the faculty of making many one, of throwing the mind into common stock. I am not now speaking of sacrifices of conscience, or even of opinion, in the face of differences deliberate and ascertained. I speak rather of what is sometimes recommended in religion as a way of peace; that we should look more at the things in which we agree, and less at those in which we differ: that our "use and wont" should be to search for modes of agreeing, and not for modes of differing. And it is probable, from that tenderness of spirit which underlay all his accomplishments, that prominence in politics would have taken from, and not added to, the sum of his happiness. In another view, it is a little dangerous to let "society" become the ruling plastic power over the mind. Daily devotion to it like his is not favourable either to the robustness of moral judgments, which was thought by Sir Henry Taylor to be wanting even in Scott, or to the

* Scott's Journal, i. 80.

formation of strong and masculine character, which can alone withstand the perpetual buffetings of life.

Yet there was a distinct chivalry in his social championship of the weak, as well as in that habitual benevolence which he so carefully concealed from the mere passer-by. For undoubtedly Milnes possessed in large measure that peculiar kind of hypocrisy, the exact inverse of the common article, which wears a mask for the concealment of virtue; and he was happier in proportion as he could multiply the hostile rapiers whose points he was to receive upon his target.

The most remarkable example of this chivalry was, without doubt, the publication in 1841 of "One Tract More." The fiercest of all the theological storms of the century was thundering in his ears. The occasion was the appearance in print of the famous Tract Ninety; and the apparent shipwreck of the movement, of which it sought to be the crown.

"Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave." *

One voice only was heard in extenuation and defence; and that was the voice of a youth recently launched into public and social life; of one, that is to say, who had nothing to gain, everything to lose, in politics and in society, to both of which he was enthusiastically devoted, by offending the world in its principles, its prejudices, or both.

Such was the young David of 1841. In his later life, he was not—to use a phrase which Mr. Chichester Fortescue invented for himself—a "clerically minded man." He could face a tempest; but he was not immovable by the silent stream. He was no more a coward than before: but his ideas had heeled over towards the sterile region of Erastianism. At rather an early period of his life, in the rough notes of his sayings which he jotted down, he calls himself "a Puseyite sceptic." Both words doubtless had a meaning; but each qualifies the other. He did not shut the door against doubt: nor did Dante. But a letter of his, dated in 1872, shows that he thoroughly saw through the thinness, baldness, hollowness, of that brood of schemes which are now propounded to us as substitutes for Christianity. It is a touching incident that, on the very last day of his life, he went out to join in the worship of the English Church, but found it accidentally shut; and there is unquestionable evidence that he never withdrew from it his attachment.

Some of these notes are introspective; and it is to his honour that he did not shut his eyes to his own weaker points, nor hold himself to be a paragon of virtue. If he had vanity, it was on the surface only. If he sported with fictions, his serious homage was for reality and truth. And if the living image of his mind, drawn in this biography, still provokes the critical tone which after all is worthier of him than blind panegyric, let us bear in mind that he has left us a name enrolled for good and all in English literature. Let us still more thankfully remember that he loved his brethren great and small: and that many a David Gray may at the close of all things bear glad witness to his persistence and proficiency in the great Art of mercy: "I was an hungered, and thou gavest me meat; I was thirsty, and thou gavest me drink." W. E. Gladstone.

* "Don Juan," c. ii.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON MR. PARNELL.

WHATEVER may be the ultimate fate of Mr. Parnell, there can be no doubt as to his right to a foremost place among the public men of the present century, and in his case, unlike that of most of his contemporaries, the strength and the weakness of his private character are indissolubly intertwined with his public career and achievements. It is but a few weeks since a well-known member of the Conservative party spoke publicly of Mr. Parnell as the most remarkable man he had ever met in the House of Commons, and remarkable indeed he is from whatever side we may choose to view him. Of his strength of character and will it is hardly necessary to speak here. The unsurpassed tenacity with which he has followed the great purpose of his life says more on this point than any words can. He found the Irish party a scattered and disorganised band, without character, without principles, and without cohesion, and he has made them one of the most powerful political parties in Europe, placing in their hands the fate of Ministers, and enabling them to dictate alike to Conservative and Liberal the policy of an Empire. And what is perhaps more remarkable than anything else is the fact that he has made the party thus powerful as a whole, whilst absolutely dominating it by the force of his own superior intellect and will. It is a truism that the Irish party for years past has been absolutely in the hands of its leader. He has moulded it like clay, and has made of it what he would. To have created such a party, and to have given it the position which it now holds in Parliament and before the country, must be counted among the most remarkable achievements of modern statesmanship. Yet remarkable as this achievement is, it sinks into insignificance when compared with his conquest over Ireland. Without eloquence, an alien in religion, all but an alien in race, absolutely devoid of the gift of humour which we associate with the Irish name, and endowed with a personality the reserve and coldness of which have made it almost repellent, he has yet fascinated the Irish people as no other man of modern times has done, has climbed as high as O'Connell, and has accomplished more than O'Connell ever did. Who can wonder that, even when the great shadow fell upon his name, the people of Ireland were loyal to him and were loth to give him up, no matter what sacrifice their resolution might impose upon them?

It is not, however, of his remarkable strength of character and will that people think most to-day, but of those singular points about him in which he resembles no other modern statesman. We have spoken of his reserve. What other popular leader has ever approached him in this quality? All the world knows that the relations between himself and his own followers have been so distant that it is difficult to understand how any feeling of personal cordiality can have entered into them. Everybody has heard the story of the freezing rebuke he administered to one of the most important of their number, when, on the occasion of the great Parnellite victory in 1885, which resulted in the overthrow of Mr. Gladstone's Government, the unfortunate man forgot himself so far as to address Mr. Parnell in familiar terms. He was the Irish chief, and the name by which his colleagues in the House addressed him was "Chief"—honouring him thus as only dukes are honoured in England. The mystery in which he habitually wrapped himself was another of the curious features of his character. His disappearances from the House and from the ken of his colleagues have long been notorious; and even if we make full allowance for the painful light which has been thrown upon his habits in these last days, much of the mystery of these disappearances still remains. Perhaps at the bottom of the coolness with which he remained away from Parliament in times of hot debate, and of the extraordinary composure which he displayed when he entered the House at the critical moment of some great struggle between the contending parties, was a real and unaffected indifference. To the interests of Ireland he never indeed showed himself indifferent; but to the accidents of the hour, even when those accidents most closely affected himself and the political combination of which he was the keystone, he showed an extraordinary insensibility. His enemies have

long reproached him for this quality; and they have been bitter in their reproaches during the past week because he has shown it once more with regard to the position he now occupies. It must be remembered, however, that he was bitterly upbraided for this same appearance of cool indifference, not only at the time when the Phœnix Park murders thrilled the civilised world with horror, but even when the detestable forgeries of Pigott were first given to the public and seemed to fasten upon him an unparalleled degree of guilt. We know now that the indifference he thus exhibited was at least not the hardihood of brazen guilt. We know how on the morrow of the tragedy in Phœnix Park he placed his own future unreservedly in the hands of Mr. Gladstone, and how, when he stood scornfully and apparently careless before the House, the majority of which believed that he had really written the letters published in the *Times*, he was standing there an innocent and deeply injured man. But for an example of this feature of his character we need only refer to what occurred in the Special Commission Court at the time when his traducer Pigott was in the box. No one can have forgotten the memorable day when Sir Charles Russell, with the merciless sword of justice in his hand, pierced through and through the garb of lies in which the infamous creature had wrapped himself, tore from him the last rag of character left to him, and—amidst a scene the dramatic interest of which has never been surpassed on any stage in the world—exposed him as he was, alike to friends and foes. Nobody who was present on that memorable day would have missed the scene for any possible consideration. Thousands who could only form a conception of it from the newspaper reports would have sacrificed much in order that they might themselves be present. From the Judges downwards there was no person in the Court-house who was not spell-bound by the encounter between the great advocate and the great but wily villain. All who obtained entrance to the court in the early morning kept their places till it adjourned in the gathering gloom of night. Yet there was one man, and only one, who, having the right of admission to the court, did not avail himself of it until half an hour before Pigott left the witness-box for ever, and who then strolled in, looking not so much indifferent to what was passing as profoundly bored by the necessity of being there at all. That late-comer was Mr. Parnell. The whole world believed that his own fate was hanging in the balance. He himself knew that the miscreant who had plotted his destruction was being subjected to well-merited exposure, yet he never troubled himself to appear upon the memorable scene until the great drama was all but at an end.

There are two other features of his character which historians will note, and one of which they will note with admiration. One is his curious magnanimity. He has at times hit hard in the political struggles in which he has been engaged, but he has apparently never borne malice. Who has heard from him, since the full exposure of the miserable plot which was launched against him through the columns of the *Times*, a single word of that invective which, from the lips of ordinary men, would have been regarded not only as natural and justifiable, but as inevitable? All trace of resentment against those who had injured him so deeply seemed to pass away at the moment when their plot collapsed; and even in the legal proceedings which he took against those who had made themselves personally responsible for the calumnies on his character, he resorted to the comparatively mild process of a civil suit, instead of taking, as he might well have done, criminal proceedings against his traducers. In the House of Commons, alike in his dealings with Tories and with Liberals, he has apparently been able to put absolutely on one side those feelings of resentment against men who had assailed him bitterly and pursued him during years with relentless hostility, which in any ordinary human being would have been looked upon as so entirely natural. Whatever else may be said of Mr. Parnell now that he has given the world the measure of his moral weakness, no fair-minded man will deny to him the possession, in an almost unexampled degree, of that quality of magnanimity which we justly rate so high.

The other characteristic which must be remembered now is his supreme indifference, in all that he has said and done in his political life, to English opinion. Whether this will be reckoned to him in the future, when his name takes its place on the page of history, as a virtue or a defect, it is impossible for the men of to-day to say. But those who now clamour against him because of the open contempt with which he seems to regard the justly aroused wrath of the majority of Englishmen, must remember that through his political career he has found himself almost persistently under the shadow of English condemnation. It is but six years since any considerable section of the English public learned to look upon him as other than a public enemy, a foe, if not of the human race, at all events of the Anglo-Saxon. The man who did not quail when he stood, with a single untutored colleague beside him, facing an enraged House of Commons, bitterly assailed and condemned by every English newspaper, tabooed in every English home, and regarded by those of whom in birth, in social qualities, and intelligence, he was unquestionably the equal, as an outcast and a pariah, can hardly be expected to show himself now so sensitive to the moral condemnation to which Englishmen have subjected him as any ordinary person would be. Of the depth of his fall we do not speak here. Judgment has gone forth against him, and though no one can pretend that it has been tempered by even a show of mercy, it is impossible to deny that in substance that judgment is a righteous one. Yet even in his fall the great qualities which have secured for Mr. Parnell a place in the page of history from which no enemy can remove him, and which have won for him the boundless gratitude of the people to whose service he devoted himself during so many stormy and arduous years, ought not to be forgotten; nor can anyone gainsay the fact that, in modern times, his is not only the most remarkable, but in many respects the most interesting, and certainly the most mysterious, figure which has appeared upon the stage of English public life.

THE DIGNITY OF SMALL BEER.

NO recent book constrains a profounder admiration for its author than do Mr. George W. Smalley's "London Letters" (two vols.), collected from the *New York Tribune*, and published the other day by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Some part of this admiration, indeed, is claimed by the work itself; but more will go to the man, who, condemned to follow a calling lowly in itself and sometimes offensive in practice, has by sheer strength contrived, not only to maintain his own dignity, but even to reflect a certain respectability on his work. The utilisation of waste products is a problem that has occupied many minds, and there is, perhaps, no reason to wonder at the particular ingenuity of a scheme for converting the conversational crumbs that fall from rich men's tables in England into breakfast-dishes for the American citizen. It is singular, however, to find a man of Mr. Smalley's gifts consenting to this service: and even more singular is his success. The work—if he will allow us to say it—is Smalley, very Smalley indeed. On the other hand, his performance of it is great.

It would seem that the readers of the *New York Tribune* were possessed—and are still possessed, unless Mr. Smalley has satiated them—with a desire to know about the great men of this country, their favourite food, their habits of mind, their attitude towards current affairs, and whether they wore dressing-gowns that reached below the knees, or

others that stopped short above. Their curiosity, in fact, appears to have been promiscuous. For the task of satisfying it Mr. Smalley was admirably equipped by nature and art. He brought over a faculty of acute observation, a knack of writing English, an indomitable courage, several letters of introduction, and a dress-suit—altogether, an effective armoury; for if the letters of introduction should fail to bring these great Englishmen to a parley, it is evident that the invader had plenty to fall back upon. Mr. Smalley came, conquered, and saw. He called on Mr. Bright, and was able to assure America that Mr. Bright's dressing-gown was ample and fell below his knees (vol. i., p. 135). He called on Thomas Carlyle, although it was an unconscionable drive from Mr. Smalley's hotel in Piccadilly to Great Cheyne Row, Chelsea. "My cabman," says he, "made it evident he had but a poor opinion of the society in which I moved," for Great Cheyne Row was "a very modest street." But the zeal of his profession was eating Mr. Smalley up, nor did he turn back even when "a maid-servant answered the bell." Carlyle was sleeping on a sofa, but "soon woke," and "his hearty way of saying, 'Eh! and so you are a friend of Mr. Emerson,' and his outstretched hand, were quite enough to put a shy man [*à fortiori*, Mr. Smalley] at his ease." Mr. Carlyle had dined early (pah!), but *his* dressing-gown also reached below the knee, as the readers of the *Tribune* were informed. And after writing "Sartor Resartus" too!

The humiliation of having to drive to Great Cheyne Row may be illustrated by some remarks in vol. ii. on the Sunday parade in the Park. "Time was," says Mr. Smalley, "when Society walked in the Row, or, more accurately, in the paths on either side of the Row. It walks there no longer. The Row is full, but not, to use the current phrase, with the right people . . . the real world some time since moved a little northward. It gathered for a while in the open space at the east end of the Row. Then it crossed the drive, and sat in the shadow of the Achilles Statue. Now it has migrated still further, and is to be found on the expanse of turf between the statue and the Stanhope Gate. But . . . not all this multitude, not all even of those who are in the space which Society has set apart for itself, are really persons of distinction, or, as they used to say, of quality. I heard only a few Sundays ago a lady, who is within, far within, this magic circle, if not quite at the centre, deplore the impossibility of keeping any space absolutely sacred to the select few; the select two thousand whose names are to be found in the Golden Book of the leaders of society. 'They follow us wherever we go,' cries this disconsolate dame" (vol. ii., p. 31).

And is it possible that Mr. Smalley, who gravely tells this anecdote, did not exactly take the disconsolate lady's meaning? Perhaps not. He has courage, dignity, and a discriminating appreciation of a title: he is, as we said, too good for his trade. But the trade, being "just a little bit abject and just a little bit gross," can hardly fail in time to blunt the nicer perceptions. To the end Mr. Smalley retains his eye for the scarlet and gold of a state-pageant, but occasionally, in his hurry to provide the American breakfast-table, he slurs his work. For instance, he says that Mr. Goschen "confronts opposition with unfailing temper" (vol. ii., p. 239), and in another place (ii. 61) Cicero is quoted as the authority for Vitellius's famous dish of nightingales' tongues. There is no reason why Mr. Smalley should know when Cicero lived; but he might have taken Mr. Whistler's advice and "inquired." As it is, he misleads a continent.

The first of Mr. Smalley's volumes is taken up with what he calls "Personalities" and sketches of Mr. Gladstone's two Midlothian campaigns of 1879 and 1884. The second contains notes on social life, on Parliament, on certain pageants, and on miscellaneous subjects such as the American girl, the Channel Tunnel, Samuel Pepys, London tradesmen, and Mr. Gladstone's views on Washington, on the destiny of the English-speaking people, on American barbarism, on Free Trade, on Providence, on the Devil, and on Mr. T. P. Potter. Of Mr. Gladstone our author is a persistent follower and a discriminating critic; and it must be granted that his criticism, whenever it lights on a worthy object, is worth reading. He is—as he himself remarks, with a touch of the obtuseness we have already noted—an "outsider"; and, narrowing the term as Mr. Smalley would wish it narrowed, we confess that he has all an outsider's advantages. He regards our burning questions with a cool eye; he sits aloof and takes the size of us; he judges of our politics without losing sight of the encompassing universe; and, it must be added, he states his conclusions in lucid and cultivated English. His sense of proportion and his sense of detail are alike remarkable.

As good examples of his method we would commend the portrait of Lord Beaconsfield at the Guildhall Banquet in 1879. It is written with a certain bitter spice—spice that Mr. Smalley seldom employs—but in other respects it is admirable. Lord Beaconsfield has made his own speech, has delivered it in his best manner and with his politest countenance, and sits listening to Sir Stafford Northcote's speech on finance:—

> "He leaned back in his chair, his mask slipped off for a moment, the light from the great chandelier above streamed full on his face, and you saw what he was like when not posing for the gallery. The cheeks grew hollow, the tint of his skin wax-like, the lips relaxed, the cavernous jaws fell slightly apart, the carefully trained curls on the left of his brow slid out of place, the fire sank low in his eyes, the whole face aged painfully in a minute. If ever a human countenance looked weary, and bored, and scornful, Lord Beaconsfield's was that countenance at that moment. Perhaps he felt that his speech had fallen flat, in spite of the cheers; perhaps he did not care whether it had or not, but was simply tired and sleepy, and wanted to have done with this pageantry and get home. This state did not last; as soon as Sir Stafford gave signs of ending his heavy sentences, his chief was once more aware of his public, and alert. He resumed his war-paint as nimbly as he had quitted it. . . . I stayed on to the last. And to the last the weary old man preserved his air of fresh serenity."

What follows is very fine; but enough has been quoted to indicate Mr. Smalley's method. We have said that he is seldom bitter, and in a man who must often have been snubbed this is a great merit. Moreover, he is usually delicate. One feels when he talks of the people he has dined with that he would rather have dined with them without having to describe them afterwards in a news-sheet. But that, of course, was not in the contract. It was necessary that such a man should come to us; had we prayed him to stay on the other side of the ocean, he would still have gently insisted on coming. But if it be true that every nation has the Smalley it deserves, then it must be confessed that England has deserved well.

HOME PETS.

III.—Reciters.

"THERE she spouts!"

Such was the exclamation of an old sea-captain, recently returned from a whaling expedition, when I took him into the yard where I keep my reciters. His attention had been attracted by a large female, who had drawn herself up to her full height and was Eugene-Araming shrilly. It was an animated scene. In one corner there were two very young male reciters. They really looked quite pretty, with broad white collars round their throats, bobbing and fussing about, and knocking the air at intervals with their forepaws. Others were busy with open books, hitting their foreheads and straining their poor memories. Others were hurrying up and down the platform steps. I, like all humane fanciers, have provided my reciters with a little platform; and, indeed, few things give me more pleasure than to see a happy, well-fed reciter bow and retire. The good-natured old sea-captain drew a handful of fresh, crisp press-notices from his

pocket, and flung them down in the enclosure. All the reciters rushed upon them at once; they like a good press-notice with a little paste to fix it.

"But why," someone may ask, "do you keep your reciters out of doors?" Well, I have tried both plans. I once owned a male reciter, twenty years of age, slightly built, with fair, fluffy hair, a weak chin, a nervous manner, a green neck-tie, and the mildest eye I ever saw in man or beast. You would have thought, as I did, that it was perfectly safe to keep him in the house; and, as a rule, he was most meek and quiet. But one night, when he was on the hearth-rug in front of the fire, a friend of mine happened to say that he thought Mr. Irving was not so bad an actor as some amateur whose name I have forgotten. The young reciter snapped at him at once, and then began to strut up and down the hearth-rug, shaking his silly head. "Lie down, Arthur! Lie down, sir!" I said firmly. I had called him Arthur after a pet lamb which belonged to my daughter. But he had completely lost control over himself, and began to recite most furiously. He Death-of-Absalomed all round the room; and then went back to the hearth-rug, and Charge-of-the-Light-Brigaded two valuable vases off the mantelpiece. I kicked him out, and resumed my conversation. But this was only the beginning of the trouble. I used to let Arthur sleep in a disused bedroom at the top of the house, and when I turned him out for breaking the vases he went up to this room. He caught the butler on the staircase, and began The Raven at him, frightening the poor man terribly. Finally he went deliberately through a humorous passage and Shylocked the door after him. It was bad enough to have the furniture broken, but I will not have my servants ill-treated. So, on the following morning, I had Arthur sent out into the yard. We found, on examining his room, that the lid of the soap-dish was fractured; and the scientific expert who attended had little doubt that the fracture must have been caused by some heavy instrument, probably didactic poetry. In the open air Arthur does no harm; he goes Lays-of-Ancient-Roming about the yard, and is fairly well satisfied with himself. Of course, this is only one experience. I have had reciters who were perfectly tame, and would never recite at all unless they were asked twice. But they always got unhappy, unless they *were* asked twice. If you allow them in the house, they may be muzzled; an ordinary dog-muzzle requires very little alteration to make it fit a reciter. The practice of cutting out their tongues is rather cruel, although—if it is carefully done by a good veterinary surgeon—it is not nearly so cruel as some sentimentalists would have us believe. But neither the muzzle nor the removal of the animal's tongue is entirely satisfactory. If the reciter is naturally vicious, he will not be cured by such methods; he will resort to dumb show, and attempt to prove to us how very much can be done by facial expression alone. In fact, although reciters are frequently allowed to run about the drawing-room by some people, and may fairly claim a place among our home pets, I am in favour of keeping them *outside the house*, unless they are specially trained not to recite. Give them plenty of green poetry, an occasional press-notice, and let them recite to one another.

I have often been asked, What is the best kind of reciter to get? Well, a great deal depends on your pocket. Reciters with very bad memories fetch the highest prices. Good female reciters are common enough; dealers will give you about five of them for the shilling, as a rule. But their tempers are uncertain, and, if you have more than one in the yard, they must be kept in separate hutches, or they will fight. The two-poem juvenile is a pretty variety: if he is carefully trained he will be entirely free from all the charm of childhood. But I have no sympathy with those who keep really dangerous pets; a full-grown male tragic-reciter is very dangerous. Some fanciers pet them, out of sheer bravado; but you would do better to avoid them, or keep them on the chain. Their soliloquy is poisonous and incurable.

Lastly, many people who come to see my pets notice two reciters in the yard who never recite at all. I have been entreated to say how I managed to train them to this perfection. Well, I have no infallible method, but I will give you a hint. Much may be done by cruelty. If you give the least encouragement, a reciter will always go on reciting. A thoughtless piece of kindness will undo all the good which has been accomplished by low diet and candid friends. In most cases I do not even aim at this state of perfection. I let the animals recite, and even give them a few press-notices. They are happier, of course, when they are left thus, in the natural state. But still, I am proud of my two highly trained reciters. Sometimes I show them to a friend, and the friend, by way of a joke, says "Shelley!" They drop their ears and slink away at once. Yesterday I threw one of them a little bit of Lord Tennyson, to see what he would do with it. For a long time he would not look at it; then he walked round it very gingerly, giving furtive glances, first at the poetry, and then at me. His lips moved as if he were saying something to himself; he hurriedly drew a little looking-glass from his pocket, and was just going to assume a facial expression, when I gave a slight, significant cough. In a moment he had put the looking-glass back, and scampered off out of the reach of temptation. I confess that I had a feeling of triumph, and I am going to try keeping these two pets in the house next week.

THE DRAMA.

THE revival of Mr. Pinero's *In Chancery* at Terry's Theatre, while the same writer's *Cabinet Minister* is still in full career at the Court, furnishes a good object-lesson in what, for want of a better term, must be called the science of comparative dramatics. In his Court series of farces Mr. Pinero has worked out a formula of his own—or, 'rather, has successfully adapted one of the great French master's. This consists in expanding Molière's trick of putting the Gérontes of this world into the sack—

Dans ce sac dont Scapin l'enveloppe—

by showing dignitaries—a dean, a police magistrate, a Secretary of State—in situations the reverse of dignified, whence they are not allowed to escape until, like their prototype, they have been well belaboured by Scapin's *coups de bâ-â-â-ton*.

The initial situation of *In Chancery* takes us much farther back than Molière—as far back, in fact, as the Sophoclean drama. It is that of a man ignorant of his own identity, the consequences of whose ignorance may be deeply tragic or extravagantly ludicrous. Make this man's ignorance proceed from the fact that he is a foundling, let him marry his mother and slay his father, and, hey presto! you have succeeded (provided always that you are a Sophocles) in imagining the *Œdipus Tyrannus*. Now degrade your man from king to commercial traveller, make his ignorance arise from a lesion of the brain caused by a railway accident, deposit him helpless, penniless, memoryless, and (as it turns out) nameless in a wayside inn, and you have the Montague Jolliffe of Mr. Pinero's *In Chancery*. It would be unfair, of course, to scrutinise the parallel too closely. The new Œdipus does not marry his mother, but he does come within an ace of committing bigamy with his landlord's daughter, and only just escapes arrest as the runaway husband of another lady—to such dire purpose has oblivion scattered over him her poppy. If Mr. Pinero complains, as he justly may, that the filiation of his piece to the Sophoclean drama is fanciful, he

will at least give me leave to trace its first suggestion to a leading case in mental pathology—the famous case of the soldier in the American Civil War, with a fragment of shell embedded in his skull, whose memory of his past self was an absolute blank until the fragment was removed. A certain order of playgoers will be able to laugh at the extravagancies of farce with an easier conscience when they find them thus placed on a respectable scientific basis.

For laugh at Mr. Pinero's farce all playgoers must, so whimsical is its dialogue, so diverting its intrigue, so droll the helpless embarrassment of its hero as depicted by Mr. Edward Terry. Criticism will not do justice to this comedian until a new notation has been invented. We have a notation for musical sounds, and the old ballet-masters had one for dance-rhythms (see, on this head, the curious choregraphic treatise of one Jehan Tabourot—if you can find it), but where is the notation for the speaking voice? It must be contrived if ever we are to represent on paper the gamut of strange sounds which Mr. Edward Terry traverses in the brief course of a three-act farce. He has been called an "animated clarinet," but that is a wholly inadequate description of a voice which ranges from the squeaks of the piccolo and the ear-piercing fife, through the whole range of the "wood-wind," down to the buzz of the bassoon. The peculiar danger, of course, of such an organ is that it sometimes tempts its possessor to illustrate the old saw of *vox et præterea nihil*; and Mr. Terry has not always resisted this temptation. He did not, for instance, in his penultimate part, that of Dick Phenyl in *Sweet Lavender*. But as Montague Jolliffe he is something more than an oboe in trousers. He presents a natural, unexaggerated, and all the more droll because unexaggerated, picture of the mishaps of a man without a memory. His revival of *In Chancery* will strengthen his reputation, and will not weaken Mr. Pinero's.

But Mr. Pinero is not only a writer of farce. He is the author of *The Profligate*, and the author of *The Profligate* is the direct inspirer of *The Pharisee*, a drama of serious intention by Mr. Malcolm Watson and Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis, which is now attracting the more thoughtful section of playgoers to the Shaftesbury Theatre. Both plays deal with the delicate problem of pre-nuptial immorality. Mr. Pinero's piece is an answer to the question: what will be the behaviour of a wife of rigid views on the subject of sexual purity, under the sudden shock of the discovery that her husband has not been immaculate before marriage? At the Shaftesbury the positions are reversed, and the question is asked about the behaviour of the husband. Of course the heroine of the speckled past has, in the technical jargon of the stage, to be "sympathetic"—leading actresses will accept such parts (compare the history recently unfolded in the law-courts of Mrs. Langtry, Mr. Robert Buchanan, and the dog) on no other terms. And this involves *à priori* a belief on the wife's part that the husband has married her with his eyes open: theatrical audiences—on the clearly ascertained principle that the morality of a crowd is always higher than that of its units—show no sympathy even for "pious" frauds in these cases. But the husband has to be deceived all the same; for, if not, what becomes of your drama? Hence, of necessity, it follows that the wife must have attempted to convey the story of her past to her husband before the marriage by a messenger who plays her false. This, then, is the only possible starting-point of all such dramas, whether told on paper or in space of three dimensions: and, accordingly, you find it not merely in *The Pharisee*, but in M. Sardou's *Fernande*, and, if you are minded to search still farther back (though not quite so far as Sophocles this time), in Diderot's *Jacques le Fataliste*. It is an artificial starting-point, if you like—nay, if you insist, it is highly improbable. But then dramas must have a beginning. Some preliminary postulates must be granted before any game can be played. And the interest of *The Pharisee* is not in its starting-point, but—where the interest of every play should be—in its crisis. This arrives when the wife discovers, in the same moment, (1) that her husband is still uninformed of her secret, and (2) that a sealed packet has just been handed to him which, when opened, will reveal it. For some time the wife and the audience are kept in suspense by the question: will the husband open the sealed packet? But in the end he does not, and then the wife, of her own free will, confesses—greatly to the chagrin of one well-known critic, who would have liked the adventures of the packet prolonged to the fall of the curtain. This, no doubt, would have been a diverting sort of play for those who have a taste for dramatic paper-chases in the style of M. Sardou's *Pattes de Mouche*; but a sufficient answer is that the authors of *The Pharisee* have not chosen to write that sort of play. A greater than Sardou (whether they know it or not, and apparently they do not) has been their model. Influenced unconsciously, but no less unmistakably, by the method of Henrik Ibsen, they have determined that their heroine shall act from within, not be pulled by strings from without. Something not herself which makes for righteousness—or, to use a seemingly discredited term, conscience—compels her to confess. But why, it is asked, if her conscience is so tender, has it not prompted her to confess long before the arrival of the compromising packet? Well, for the simple reason that before the arrival of the packet she has never suspected that any confession was needed. What the husband's attitude is when this much-discussed confession is at length made, the title of the play will have already revealed. *The Pharisee* is not a masterpiece. The attempt to combine the new conscience-drama of Ibsen with the old cats'-cradle intrigue of Sardou has been only half successful: the so-called "comic relief" (for which, and the mode of its manufacture, see once more that case of Mrs. Langtry, Mr. Robert Buchanan, and the dog) is neither comic nor a relief. Nevertheless, it is a distinctly interesting play—as the little breeze of critical controversy that has sprung up over it proves—a play creditable to its authors, and encouraging to those who cherish the hope that the first foundations are now being laid of an English School of serious social drama.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

OUGHT not publishers to respect the wishes of authors in the printing and binding of their books? MISS MARIE CORELLI complains that she is made responsible for her publisher's taste. The covers of "Wormwood" are adorned with a cross of red ribbon; and a page with "a blood-red border," which was meant to thrill the reader in the first volume, has been repeated in the other two. Evidently the publisher wanted to emphasise the blood, and the result is that, though MISS CORELLI wrote her story as "the reflex of a terrible Truth," the reader is exposed to the temptation of regarding it as an unusually aggressive piece of sensationalism. Truth, even when it is terrible, is always most effective in the simplest dress; but MISS CORELLI'S publisher appears to think that her truth cannot prevail without red crosses and blood-red borders.

IN a delightful article on *As You Like It*, in the Christmas number of *Harper's*, MR. ANDREW LANG pleads guilty to a difference of opinion with SHAKESPEARE on the subject of acting plays. The poet wrote for the stage; he also wrote for MR. ANDREW LANG, who reconstructs *As You Like It* in order to make Jaques fall in love with Rosalind. But MR. LANG cannot suffer the idea of a stage Rosalind, and he has painful remembrance of some actress he was once induced to see in the part. As MR. LANG prefers his own private gallery of SHAKESPEARE'S

women, it is useless to tell him that never to have seen ELLEN TERRY'S Portia is to be ignorant of a world of charm. But we may venture to suggest that it is a little paradoxical to rail at actresses, and yet furnish the text which accompanies MR. EDWIN ABBEY'S drawings from SHAKESPEARE. For if the art of the stage violates MR. LANG'S ideals, how can he endure the art of the studio?

THE biography of HENRIK IBSEN seems likely to excite as much controversy as his plays. An American journal maintains that the translation published in England is unauthorised. Well, the Americans always have their consolation. Let them read the immortal speech of CONGRESSMAN (or is it SENATOR?) HOPKINS, of Illinois, and they will understand the unsubstantial nature of all literary property.

THE great writers of modern English prose are falling all too rapidly for their numbers. The same year that takes NEWMAN sees KINGLAKE smitten, and, by all accounts, desperately. He is an old man, but was strong and well until last autumn, when the beginnings of a cancer appeared. In the early spring he underwent an operation, but the disease has grown again. A finished and graceful talker, he has been master also of a written style that has few rivals in Victorian times. In spite of MATTHEW ARNOLD'S strictures he will remain a classic.

MRS. WOODS, the authoress of that wonderful piece of work, "A Village Tragedy," is soon to publish her second novel. It will treat of SWIFT and STELLA, a daunting subject, and one that holds every possible chance of failure. Nevertheless, it is hard to prophesy. If the public—which won't read a sad story unless it deals with a curate—had paid half the attention it ought to "A Village Tragedy," it would have found that tale to be the one and only thoroughly successful tale that has been printed of late. All that it aimed at it performed: and, in addition, it is the only English novel that, as yet, can compete with the Frenchmen in their own field.

THE sale of the THACKERAY MSS. and sketches, at MESSRS. SOTHEBY'S rooms, last Wednesday, produced some brisk bidding. One letter to J. F. BOYES, a schoolfellow of THACKERAY'S at the Charterhouse, was sold for £37; a few lines of Latin verse, £14 10s.; his "Holiday Song," verses of which the papers have recently been printing, £20; while an old lexicon that THACKERAY used at school, and scribbled over with his sketches, went for £10 15s. There were sold also a collection of first editions of DICKENS, and a few letters; also nearly a hundred letters from SHIRLEY BROOKS, containing suggestions for *Punch* caricatures.

HAD DE QUINCEY been alive last week, he might have modified his famous delivery in the "Confessions" concerning the uppishness of the British bishop. It stands out as one of the most singular and idiosyncratic of his utterances, since, despite its air of whimsical peevishness, it was evidently a quite deliberate judgment. MISS DOROTHEA BROWNE, a daughter of the Bishop of Winchester, had a lady's-maid. Last week the maid was married, and her mistress followed her to the altar as a bridesmaid, and at the subsequent feast the venerable bishop proposed the bride's health. There ought not to be anything surprising in the one act or in the other, but somehow the Episcopal bench seems to have been tipped a little closer to the common world, and we cannot but wish that DE QUINCEY might hear about the marriage of MISS BROWNE'S lady's-maid.

SINCE the evening when he rose in the stalls of a London theatre to protest against the portrait of an atheist in *The Promise of May*, the MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY has favoured us with no such piquant expression of his individuality as his letter to GENERAL BOOTH. He has given £100 to the GENERAL'S scheme, but the gift is not entirely due to sympathy with the cause of humanity. It offered a good opportunity for a fling at Christianity, and the donor was careful to stipulate that his letter should be published intact. LORD QUEENSBERRY'S acquaintance with the Scriptures is not very exact, for he seems to imagine that CHRIST declared poverty to be perpetual. But GENERAL BOOTH is not likely to object to cheques from "reverent agnostics," even when accompanied by explicit injunctions for the printing of misquotations.

THERE is a journal in Ireland called *Irish Society*, which rejoices in a dramatic critic of rare originality. This gentleman says of *Romeo and Juliet* that it is a "melodrama which would bear cutting with advantage." He compliments MISS FORTESCUE on her "dramatic hoarseness and fierce demeanour," but laments that "the entire play is abnormal, and frequently outrages probability." "Here and there there were glimpses of human nature, but, generally, it is blank verse, stuffed with bloated metaphor and rhythmic bombast; and the boards were littered with corpses like a shambles." It is refreshing to find an Irish writer making a stand against "bloated metaphor;" and as a criticism of SHAKESPEARE, "but, generally, it is blank verse," is new and striking.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE now recites before the curtain MR. W. E. HENLEY'S rhymed prologue to *Beau Austin*. It is worth while recalling, by the way, that the virtues with which the "Beau" is credited in this piece are surpassed by the self-denial of the hero of *Beau Brummel*, an American play which has had great success in New York. Brummel in his declining years proposes to satisfy his creditors by making a wealthy marriage, but finding that his betrothed is in love with his nephew, he magnanimously sacrifices himself to make them happy, and even conceals from them the fact that he is in the direst poverty. After this the sudden virtue of Beau Austin seems rather commonplace.

THERE is always something which suggests a reverent smile in the conjunction of the Church and the Stage. Even MR. JONES could not make the public take quite seriously the clerical *matinée* of his last successful play. Even MR. STEWART HEADLAM does not impress everyone as wise when he enters the arena to champion the ballet. But the latest development of dramatic criticism within the bosom of the Church has an element of humour in it which beats all. An unguarded parson has imparted to MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS his enthusiasm for the Drury Lane drama, *A Million of Money*; and the astute lessee has promptly pilloried the "priest of the Church of England's" indiscretion in his advertisements. "I may candidly tell you," writes this delightful gentleman, "the play is calculated to do a great deal of good." Evidently the writer has sources of authoritative information on the subject as to which the lay mind hesitates even to speculate aloud.

THE stage has lately enlisted two recruits who have made reputations in quite other branches of art.

"EUXESIS."—A Delightful Shave.—No soap, water, or brush—only tube of "Euxesis" and razor. It softens the stiffest beard, and leaves the skin smooth and refreshed. Observe signature, "Aimée Lloyd," in red ink, refusing all others. Sold by Chemists, Perfumers, Stores, and LLOYD & Co., 3, Spur Street, Leicester Square, London.

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

And both these recruits have spoken about their new profession. Mr. David Christie Murray is one. He has not only written three plays, of which two, *Chums* and *Gratitude*, have won considerable popularity at the Antipodes: he has also started for India, China, and Japan, to play comedy parts in Mr. Harry St. Maur's company, having already appeared as "Baron von Hardfeldt" in *Jim the Penman*, and as "The Rev. Barnabas Goodeve" in *The Candidate*. In a letter to a friend, the London correspondent of the *Scotsman*, Mr. Murray talks of his prospects with a modesty that all his friends will recognise. "Is it such a wonderful thing," he asks, "that a man of my age should be humble, and should be willing to learn a new craft from its very beginning? . . . I am only following my own old law—humility, labour, patience—patience, labour, humility—these three make commonplace talent pass for genius oftentimes, but they make genius resplendent. If I possess any tiny spark of that great gift, I will try to make the most of it, and work as hard and as humbly as I can."

The second recruit, the otherwise famous Mr. John L. Sullivan, holds different opinions. "Oh, no," he assures an interviewer; "I don't do any studying. I keep posted on my part in *Honest Hearts and Willing Hands*. I don't do any studying besides that. None of the great actors required to study much. I don't think I've started too late at acting. There's Sara Bernhardt; she was over thirty before she acted to amount to anything." So it is interesting to know he is likely to be acting in England before long, having secured an Australian manager for trainer.

The Fine Art Society are showing in Bond Street a collection of drawings, paintings, and engravings by Hokusai which are not only in themselves very beautiful, but afford an opportunity for self-education which should not be missed. It is perfectly true, as Mr. Huish points out, that the man of ordinary culture, who would be ashamed not to be able to distinguish between Crown Derby and Worcester, roughly classifies all the faïence brought from the kingdom of the Mikado as "Japanese," and, various as it is, is satisfied to no farther discriminate. As for distinguishing between the different Oriental artists, he makes no attempt in that direction. Hokusai was the leading spirit of a school of artists which arose in Japan at the end of the seventeenth century, and strove for a truer, directer, and more realistic representation of nature, and freedom from the accepted formulæ.

Those who have had opportunities of studying Hokusai's work in the artist's native land smile at the insufficiency of the present collection. The ordinary English visitor will be charmed with the exquisite colour, the subtle perception of decorative value, the elegance of some of the figures, spontaneity and vigour of the birds, fish, and animals, and prevalent drollery of humour. Japanese art begins slowly to be appreciated in Europe; and yet it is still absolutely absurd how disproportionate is the money value set on the works of these Oriental masters, the greatest decorative artists of all time, and those of Occidental painters, sculptors, and craftsmen. Hokusai's pictures, however much we may admire them, are all to us stamped with Japanese conventions. We Europeans no less see and render nature unconsciously according to hereditary convention. Once to look on a European masterpiece with Japanese eyes would be a liberal education to a European critic.

The scheme of decoration prepared by the late Alfred Stevens is being applied to the interior of the dome of St. Paul's, or, to speak accurately, to the interior of the inner and false shell of that dome, with all dignified slowness. Stevens, it will be remembered, suggested that the whole of the upper part of the interior of the cupola should be covered with plain gold mosaic. For the space above the whispering-gallery he designed a bold arabesque in black and gold. The eight spandrels above the supporting arches he purposed enriching with figures in colour, against a gold background, representing the four great Prophets, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, and Daniel, and the four Evangelists, all to be reproduced in the imperishable mosaic of Salviati of Venice. On huge easels in the Trophy Room of the Cathedral itself at this moment hang two triangular canvases, eighteen feet by twelve feet, by Mr. W. E. F. Britten, representing St. Mark and St. Luke, which fast approach completion. They are as flowing in line, simple and impressive in composition, rich yet subdued in colour, as the others of this noble series. Mr. Britten has just returned from Venice, where he has been arranging for further transformations into mosaic. The time may yet come when the bare neglected walls of the great church of the capital shall be no longer a reproach to the nation.

MR. BALFOUR LIFTS THE VEIL.

I MET Mr. Balfour—doubtless he has forgotten the fact—shortly after his return from Ireland, and had a very interesting conversation with him. It was on the St. Andrews links on the 18th of November, the very day the papers announced his arrival in Liverpool. For him to deny that the conversation took place will be a simple matter; an *alibi* lies to his hand. But let him deny it if he—— likes!

"Mr. Balfour," I said, "I have all along been of opinion that you were acting a part. Am I right?"

"Quite right," said Mr. Balfour.

"Behind your autocratic mask you hide the softest of hearts?"

"I do, sir, I do."

"Here," he continued, handing his driver to the caddie, "take my clubs, and go round yourself." Then, addressing me again, "I come to St. Andrews to practise. The caddie gives me tips, and then I go down and astonish the natives in the south. But I'm very glad I've met you. You are the first man who has discovered my secret. Everybody imagines that I am what I seem—an embodiment of vanity, obstinacy, culture, and general wrong-headedness—a second Strafford in fact, with Coercion instead of 'Thorough' for a watchword. Now, candidly, I'm not. And as you have discovered it, I don't mind explaining myself to you. Let's find a seat somewhere."

We walked to the seaward border of the links, and sat down in a nook which sheltered us from the wind. The tide was making, and the thin waves whitened in long lines, then spread and sank into the sand, darkening it before laying on the coat of blue. As Mr. Balfour became meditative the moment he sat down, I applied the spur.

"Do you think," I asked, "that your party will return to power?"

"I think so; it shall; it must," he replied, abandoning his brown study. "If the Unionists were to be in a minority at the next general election, all the work I have done through good report and ill would be as if it had not been. Give me another term of office, and I will precipitate the social revolution."

"Ah! that is your object."

"Yes. Nothing astonishes me more than the conventional methods of those who would change constitutions; meetings, agitations, processions, enthusiasm, eleutheromania. Imprison Hampden, try seven bishops, shoot John Brown: some simple

practical step of that kind has always been more fruitful of change than all the protests, and petitions, and calumnies of commonplace reformers. Everybody knows that no cause ever succeeds until it has been persecuted with all the weapons in the armoury of authority. I am the first statesman who has set himself consciously to bring about a revolution in the only way possible to a Government. Give me another term of office, and I shall succeed to admiration."

"What exactly is the nature of the revolution you expect?"

"Home-rule and land-nationalisation in every country and colony in the British Empire."

"That's a large order, Mr. Balfour."

"It is; but not inexecutable were I Prime Minister. I expect to be rewarded with the premiership when the full value of my work is recognised."

"Well, now, Mr. Balfour, suppose we move a little more slowly. What are you going to do with the Tory party?"

"I would make short work of them," said Mr. Balfour. "Compulsory emigration."

"Compulsory emigration!—for the whole Tory party?"

"For the whole Tory party, as it will be then. At present, when the masses say, 'We've no room here; you're forcing us into slums and cellars, thinning our blood, stunting our growth, and destroying our souls,' the capitalist and the landowner answer, 'There's plenty of room in Manitoba, in Australia, at the Cape. Off with you! England and Scotland are our pleasure grounds.' But when the masses come to exercise the power which they actually have already, they will transport in troop-ships all the aristocrats, and landowners, and bond-holders, with a pick and a spade for each man, and a sewing-machine for each woman; and quite right too."

I was too much amazed to say anything; and Mr. Balfour hardly gave me time. He edged up close to me and spoke in whispers.

"Some," he said, darkly, "will deserve punishment, and I have devised a species of refined torture which I gloat over. Listen. Hartington, Goschen, Chaplin, Chamberlain, and Churchill, these shall be the scapegoats."

"Why? What have they done?"

"I have chosen them at random, that is the method of the highest vengeance; cholera and influenza make a regardless choice."

"And what is the torture you have devised for these devoted five?"

"It is so original, so magnificent, so comforting to the imagination, that I am loth to communicate it. Have you never felt as if you had lost all interest, all possession in an idea, the moment it left your lips? Why, I know a great poet who tells me that his best works are unwritten, and never can be written, because in his youth when he imagined and planned them, he talked of them to one or two bosom-friends. Besides, often in conversation and debate what seem gold and jewels in the mind, on utterance turn out to be mere shale and dross; and it may be that my ingenious torture once revealed will appear utterly impracticable, and a source of consolation be dried up for ever."

The Chief Secretary gazed out on the sand and the sea with a depth of meaning in his eyes and a trembling of the mouth which clearly showed, in spite of his reluctance, that his unbosoming himself of his plan of torture was delayed only for a moment or two. I said nothing; I didn't move; and shortly Mr. Balfour began to speak in a subdued tone, looking straight before him, as if addressing a familiar unseen to anyone but himself.

"Yes; I will teach them; I will inspire them with an enthusiasm for the game; and then, when I am all powerful, send them to the Sahara, the five of them, there to play golf all the year round. It is impossible to grasp the full significance of playing golf in the Sahara. The astounding gravity of the joke is, I should imagine, unparalleled. To play golf in a 'bunker' thousands of square miles in extent, with the holes placed in oases, scores, hundreds of miles apart!"

"Sisyphus and the Danaïdes had a holiday of it compared to that."

"They had. They would have to play a foursome: Hartington and Chamberlain against Goschen and Chaplin, and Churchill would have a stroke on both sides. Golf in the Sahara—golf in a bunker! Why, it's like playing cricket under two feet of water, or billiards in a vacuum-pan."

"They would never get done."

"Never—never. But if they did—if with beards below their waist, and lungs replete with sand, they struggled home to England again, I would send them out on another round. The holes should be in the Poles, in the great deserts, Sahara, Gobi, Beloochistan, Arabia, in Polynesia, in Siberia, in Greenland, with the Himalayas and the Andes and the oceans for hazards. They should have to pursue their balls in yachts, strike them from Everest and Popocatepetl, thaw them out of icebergs, fish them out of rivers, lose them in quags and forests and ravines. Churchill shall grow low-spirited; Chamberlain shall wear spectacles; Hartington become bald; Chaplin, thin; and Goschen—Goschen——"

The vision of some terrible calamity overtaking the Chancellor of the Exchequer so wrought upon the pleasant humour of the Chief Secretary that he leaped to his feet and strode along the shore. He threw back his head every now and again, and I knew that he was whispering, "Goschen—Goschen!"

I watched him until his long figure vanished behind some furze. At first I thought of running after him to find out what fate he foresaw for the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but remembering that curiosity is a petty vice that ought to be discouraged, I returned alone to the club-house.

FESTE.

WHY THE REPUBLICANS WERE ROUTED.

NEW YORK, November 13, 1890.

THE result of the elections has astonished nearly everybody. There was a general expectation that the Democrats would secure a majority in the House, but even the most sanguine of them hardly ventured to put it above twenty in a total of 330. They have actually secured a majority of 154. They have never had anything approaching to this since Andrew Jackson's day, half a century ago, and they are naturally greatly elated.

It would be difficult to describe the state of mind of the Republicans. They were, I think, on the whole, prepared for a defeat, but for a defeat on a very moderate scale. Indeed, the McKinley Bill was framed and carried through by devices of extraordinary violence both in the House and the Senate, on the assumption that the loss of the House at this election was not improbable, and that therefore something very thorough and durable should be done in the way of raising the tariff now while they had the power. But they were utterly unprepared for what has actually happened. The majority of 154 confounds them; it means not simply defeat, but promises repudiation of them and their policy by the voters. It comes, too, from all parts of the country. They have lost States which never failed them before. They have lost Minnesota and Kansas in the west and north-west, which have never failed the Republican party since they were founded. They have lost Massachusetts in the east, and, more amazing than all, they have lost Pennsylvania, the great stronghold of Protection, which in 1888 gave Harrison a majority of 80,000. In fact, there is in the returns not a ray of comfort for them in any quarter. No explanation puts a good face on them. The Republicans cannot say it is not the McKinley Bill which had wrought their ruin, for they spent the whole summer in Washington

constructing it for the express purpose of going to the country upon it, as the Republican masterpiece. More unfortunately still, every one of the leading orators in the late canvass, Reed the Speaker, McKinley himself, Lodge, Blaine, put the Bill in the forefront of their battle, and made it their greatest claim upon the confidence and gratitude of the constituencies. They made, however, one great, and indeed one might say unaccountable, mistake, in putting it into operation before the election. They have sat so long over it, and were so full of bitterness towards "the Free Traders," as they call the tariff reformers, who opposed it, that they made great haste to execute it, so as to prevent, as far as possible, heavy importations, in anticipation of it.

The result was that prices of nearly every article of use or consumption, except agricultural produce, began to go up just as the canvass began. The plain people of small means, who constitute the bulk of every community, thereupon began to cry out, and formed puzzled or angry audiences for the Republican orators, who found themselves thus placed in a very embarrassing situation. If they said the McKinley Bill did not raise prices, they confessed that it was not really a Protective measure, for Protection consists in the raising of prices. If they said it did raise prices, they confessed that the Bill inflicted on the consumer great and apparently unnecessary hardships. Their mode of escape from this dilemma has been furnishing food for merriment to the Democratic newspapers for the last two months. The Republican orators acknowledged in some places that prices had gone up, but said that high prices were a good thing; that cheap things were "nasty" and "un-American," and made "cheap men and women." This sounds droll, but I am quoting Reed, Lodge, and McKinley himself. In other places they denied that prices had really risen, and asserted that the circulars sent out by most of the importing and manufacturing houses announcing an advance were the result of a "Democratic conspiracy," and were issued at the instigation of Democratic politicians to annoy the Republicans.

How did they reconcile these two conflicting views? you will ask. Well, they did not try to reconcile them; they put them forth, and let them take their chance. But they were, of course, caught up and placed side by side by the Opposition press all over the country; and the result was that the Republican canvass had really broken down everywhere before the voting day came.

In Pennsylvania the Democratic triumph was enlarged by local considerations. The contest there was really over the Governorship, the Republican candidate for which—Delamater—was the creature—and, in fact, the representative—of Quay, one of the Republican Senators, Chairman of the National Republican Committee, and chief Republican manager of the Harrison campaign. Quay has been accused not only of gross corruption as a manager, but of having, when State Treasurer, a few years ago, embezzled large sums of the State's money. To this charge he made no answer, and, I may add, had none to make. A small body of reformers therefore in Pennsylvania, both Democrats and Republicans, organised an attack on him, through his candidate, as the chief representative of Republican corruption. They formed a club called the Lincoln Independent Club, and began their work, with a Republican majority of 80,000 cast for Harrison in 1888, and a very perfect "machine" of Quay's lying in their path. They were, in fact, objects of derision to the Republican regulars; but pluck, and speeches, and pamphlets exposing Quay, carried the day. They elected then a Governor, Mr. Patterson, a Democrat and tariff reformer of very high character, by a majority of 17,000, thus changing the vote of the State by 97,000—all things considered, a really tremendous victory. The defeat is a double one. It is a blow both at the McKinley Bill and the system of corrupt politics of which Quay is a master. To make matters worse, both Mr. Blaine, who made a speech in Pennsylvania in the canvass, and the Republican newspapers, admitted beforehand that a Republican defeat now in Pennsylvania would mean the election of a Democratic President in 1892.

The newspapers are now of course filled with explanations. As a general rule the Republican journals, especially in the West, acknowledge that the country has definitively pronounced against increased Protection, and against the McKinley Bill as "Protection run mad." Some of them demand its total repeal, or the repeal of its most obnoxious provisions. Whether Congress, which meets again next month, will pay any heed to these demands remains to be seen. It must be remembered that the House which meets in December is the very same House which passed the Bill. One of the anomalies of the legislation which now fixes the dates of Congressional sessions is that the party in power stays in power after defeat at the polls, and may persist for another session in the very courses which have caused the voters to repudiate it. The majority which was elected ten days ago to take the place of the Republicans will not take their seats till December, 1891. Nobody defends this. The objections to it are plain, but to get it altered would be no easy task. It is partly the result of legislation and partly of accident. The Constitution is not responsible for it, but it is so firmly rooted in popular habit that it would take a world of trouble to change it. Consequently the Republicans will this winter have an opportunity either of eating humble pie, or setting at defiance popular vote about the McKinley Bill, just as they see fit. My own opinion is that they will repeal some of the nine obnoxious provisions of the Bill, such as the duty on tin plates, and then go home as soon as possible.

How did they ever come to pass the McKinley Bill, considering that their platform in 1888—"mandate," as they have been calling it—really did not call for an increase of duties, is what a good many people even here are now asking. They might on this platform have simply defended the tariff as it then stood against Democratic attacks, and have reduced the revenue—as they actually proposed in the platform—by abolishing the internal revenue duties. The only plausible explanation of their course that I know of—and the only one, I may add, which is generally accepted—is, that in order to raise the enormous sums which Quay used in the election in that year (I know of one case in which he tried to get four hundred thousand dollars from four corporations in the last week of the canvass), they were obliged to promise an advance in the tariff rates to a great number of interests and industries, in return for heavy contributions to the campaign chests, and the McKinley Bill was therefore the fulfilling of their bargain. I have never met a Democrat who doubted this, or a Republican who denied it. There are a great many well-known facts which support the hypothesis, and it is the only one which will account for what actually took place.

E. L. Godkin.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[Owing to the pressure upon our space, we are obliged to hold over, *inter alia*, several letters to the Editor.]

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

The Speaker Office,
Friday, Nov. 28th, 1890.

A COUPLET by a clerical rhymester of an antithetical turn, too free for quotation in these columns, referring to "the college of a village," was called to my mind the other day by the Doric accent of two north-country miners who were book-hunting in that queerest of London thoroughfares, Booksellers' Row, the days of which I believe to be numbered. I don't care to give in full the ingenious conversation

of our two book-hunters, whose language, indeed, like that of our clerical rhymester, was somewhat free. But what they said, and the way and accent of it, recalled, along with the couplet, a certain College of a Village, a very primitive one, which used to exist amid the coal-fields of their north-country; and so, *inter alios*, the immensely expanded audience which has been conjured up latterly by means of that surprising talisman, the Democratic Shilling. To turn, however, to a scene in the history of our College of a Village.

A winter's night is the time: the place, a kitchen of old-fashioned character in a miner's cottage. Here, round a great fire, some nine or ten young fellows, miners by their pale, blue-scarred faces and well-developed shoulders, are sitting; while another young man, who might be a mining engineer, stands reading to them from a small green book. This small green book, it turns out, is the Golden Treasury edition of Plato's "Republic" in English dress. The naïve dialogue on the part of these village Platonists, which followed, must have struck any outsider as highly original. To hear Plato restated in those Doric accents, and his "Republic" cut down to fit the contemporary needs of a village commune amid the English coal-fields, must have rejoiced the heart of that SPEAKER of speakers, the protagonist of the Dialogues, could he have heard—if not the author of the "Republic" himself. This is not the time, however, to enter upon the arranging of an ideal village, such as our sanguine young critics of the winter's fireside attempted, and attempted not badly. The thing is, that they cared at all to eke out the sombre cares of their under-world by such intellectual air-castles. It is true, their village Utopia seems as far off as ever, and the air-castles they built have long since lost again their local habitation and their name; but that building was, all the same, not in vain. And the air-castles were various, as I recollect. To Plato's "Republic" succeeded other, and perhaps more intelligible, diversions. Burns showed them how their northern speech might be turned to song; and this again led on to another small green volume, the ever-delightful "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," and to a substantial three volumes of Scott's "Border Minstrelsy," which had the old tunes appended, so that, with the aid of a fiddle, "Chevy Chase," and "Johnny Armstrong's Good-night," and other such epics in little, were given something of their pristine music. These things, in sooth, are now of old association enough. Before me lies a somewhat diminutive and dusty catalogue of the village library which presently grew up, the only tangible result of that winter night's pastime; and this catalogue, recovered now with some difficulty from a pile of such dusty memorials, on the reminder of the moment, has already the faded and antiquated appearance of the two or three old Bewick chap-books, next which it reposed indistinguishably.

This smallest and most original of catalogues, drawn up long before the *Pall Mall Gazette* set going the discussion of "The Best Hundred Books," though it contains more than its century of authors, has not by any means all the great classics which Sir John Lubbock and his followers in that discussion tasted and pronounced to be good for the whole congregation. It is divided into sections, such as "Thought and Philosophy," "Science," "History," "Poetry," and so forth; and at the head of each of these stands a motto, such as would gladden the heart of Charles Lamb, from Fuller and other well-mellowed old writers, with here and there a more modern quotation. Of these divisions, it is that given over to "Fiction" which, as usual, is by far the largest; and the Fiction is not all worthy. Still, Sir Walter Scott is there, epically complete; Cervantes is there; and Carlyle's translation of "Wilhelm Meister;" Thackeray and Dickens, too, of course; and of later writers, if George Meredith be not seen, there are some of the books of Hardy; and certain later Scottish tale-tellers, George MacDonald for instance, are, as might be expected in a place so far north, not unrepresented.

Of Poetry, the list is admirable. It includes all the gods, and many of the giants, of English poetry; with the great of other languages in their most famous translations:—Chapman's Homer, and Pope's, are there; Dryden's Virgil; and two versions of Dante. And as in Poetry, so in Science, so in History, and the rest. The true professors are there, and if a few quacks appear amongst them, it is part of our student's education to learn discrimination on his own behoof. There is no harm in his testing the quacks by the true doctors of knowledge. But leaving aside our potential and exceptional student, who is to be credited with a native shrewdness beyond the usual, how far does the whole congregation, to whom doctors and quacks alike appeal, get to know the one from the other? How far does it learn to mark down a classic, and take the great accents to heart? How far, to see through the humbug of the good gentlemen spoken of, whose tricks are so plausible and up to date?

According to some authorities who ought to know, the whole congregation has not much discernment in these things. It swallows things literary because they are cheap and up to date, and cares not if they be bad, so that they be not un-British in their badness. One publisher, who has made it his business to understand the great audience that lies outside the more instructed circle who have heard, let us say, of Marlowe, and, among our own contemporaries, of George Meredith, says plainly, "Your enlightened democracy cares very little about the good old classics; what it has a taste for is a slap-dash, unintelligent biography of a popular hero. Of one such book (as badly done as possible), I know there has been a circulation of over half a million." The wider audience, according to him, is illiterate. It is familiar with a few names, a few unassorted reputations. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Valentine Vox," and the "Pilgrim's Progress," seem to form its literary trinity. "This public," continues Mr. Publisher, "has its own authors, moreover, whose names are quite unknown to the literary world, but whose works have a quite prodigious circulation, far exceeding that of the most popular authors ever mentioned in THE SPEAKER."

On the other hand, we have consolation in the evidence of other publishers. Messrs. Cassell have published in their "National Library," for threepence, not only Shakespeare, and the Plutarch from which Shakespeare drew, Pepys' "Diary," and "Sir Roger de Coverley," but such rarer matters as Ben Jonson's "Discoveries," Selden's "Table Talk," and Lady Duff-Gordon's translation of the "Amber Witch"—in all, over two hundred volumes; and these have circulated in the most extraordinary way, in some cases up to fifty thousand copies and more. They have a similar tale to tell, too, of their other serials. So with Messrs. Warne and their "Chandos" series, which contains many authors unattainable by poor students till published again in that form. So with Messrs. Routledge and their "Universal Library," and various other similar collections of books; while Messrs. Macmillan's "Golden Treasury Series" has already been mentioned in a way to well suggest its services in the literary new crusade; even as far off as the wilds of our northern coal-fields. Of still older association, one is reminded of the excellent Bohn's Libraries, which of late have taken on a more modernly attractive guise. Of a younger publisher

than any of these, Mr. Walter Scott, it is not for me to say much. He, as it seems, conceived the bold idea of making of the classics a sort of monthly magazine; and has juggled with the names and fames of old time to the tune of ten thousand and more a month, in a way that is very modern, and sometimes perhaps a little alarming. He has set, for instance, that triad of Sir Thomases—the authors of the "Morte d'Arthur," "Religio Medici," and "Utopia"—adventuring anew into the world, to win new souls from the heathendom of Philistia. Now all this, allowing for fair deductions, is surely very encouraging.

It all brings us round again to the sanguine vision of the New Republic which is growing up in our villages and other larger provincial communities, and learning a finer criticism of life, and one more equal to contemporary needs. That New Republic, that audience, we in London do not, I think, sufficiently recognise or understand. It is not to be counted by its thousands in any country-side, and is not ever likely to be, perhaps. But it goes to form a little centre of the finer influences in many an out-of-the-way village, such as that above referred to—the fostering centre which may (who knows?) one of these days give the needed stimulus to some young poet, or to a fresh, a new, more moving tale-teller, who will come up to town to teach us our literary craft. For, as one supposes, it may well be to the children of the more stalwart races of the coal-fields, or of the sheep-fells, reared in remote country-sides, rather than to our suburban youth, that we may have to look presently for our new blood in poetry and our more nervous perfection in "the other harmony of prose."

ERNEST RHYS.

REVIEWS.

A CENTURY-OLD PORTRAIT GALLERY.

JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS. Edited with Notes by Mrs. Alexander Napier, and an Introduction by J. W. Hales, M.A., Professor of English Literature in King's College, London, and Clark Lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge. Three vols. London: George Bell & Sons. 1890.

WHAT a wonderful period in the history of our literature was that which began with the year 1779 and ended with the year 1791! It opened with the publication of the first four volumes of the "Lives of the Poets," and it closed with the publication of Boswell's "Life of Johnson." "A view of literature and literary men" for more than a century and a half was, in this brief space of twelve years, given in the most interesting form. Men famous by their writings became of a sudden familiar in their lives, and a crowd of inferior authors were so exhibited that, though their works were almost forgotten, yet they themselves were made once more to live. At no time, we believe, in the world's history has a National Portrait Gallery been more rapidly raised or more admirably filled. A hundred years have almost passed away since it was completed, and yet we still wander through its corridors, and gaze with scarcely less pleasure than our forefathers on the likenesses with which they are adorned. We look upon the life-sized portraits of men who were born when Shakespeare was in the full flow of his genius, and we find in it a sketch—slight, indeed—of one of the poets over whom Wordsworth, in his old age, mourned, when so fast

> "brother followed brother
> From sunshine to the sunless land."

Would that two other great masters could arise in our time to enlarge the Gallery, and to fill it with the writers, great and little alike, who have crowded the world's stage in the last hundred years!

The delight which is still found in the "Lives of the Poets" and in Boswell is shown by the frequency with which they are not only reprinted, but also re-edited. On both authors abuse has been showered with a liberal hand; but, unlike most authors, they are generally read even by those who abuse them. "Strike, but hear me," said the great Athenian statesman. "You abuse us, but you cannot help reading us," might exclaim Johnson and Boswell. The Lives which they wrote are, indeed, the very foundation of an English literary education. The man who neglects to read them is contented to remain in ignorance of so important and so large a period in the history of our literature, that, however learned he may be in Middle-English, or however deeply he may be soaked in æsthetic criticism, his knowledge is but a poor fragment. This Mr. Matthew Arnold saw clearly when he published his Selection of the six Lives, and this he stated forcibly in his preface. It as always been a matter of deep regret to us that it was for schoolboys and girls that he wrote his notes. He had not, we suspect, a minute enough knowledge of the time to be able to do much in the way of elucidations; but his criticisms of Johnson's criticisms would have been of great interest. However, he did what he was engaged to do; and if there is little of value in his notes, in his Introduction he gave us fine quality though short measure.

There are two plans on which the "Lives of the Poets" might be edited, both of which, if properly executed, would add to their value. One kind of editor would content himself with correcting the errors into which Johnson falls, with giving the references to his numerous quotations, and with adding brief notes about the people whom he mentions. Another kind of editor would look upon the work rather from its literary and critical than from its biographical side. He would delight in tracing the rise of the school to which Johnson belonged, in illustrating his views by parallel passages from other authors, in showing the opposition with which these views met even in the author's lifetime, and in examining the growth of a school of poetry and criticism, which, beginning with inferior writers such as Percy and the two Wartons, was before long to include in it men of commanding genius. An edition of the explanatory but not of the critical kind we should have had if Mr. Alexander Napier had lived to complete the task which he began. He had learning and industry, and the world of letters has lost not a little by his untimely death. Even as it is, we have a reprint which, for convenience, handiness, and cheapness, leaves little to desire, and which contains a large number of useful and interesting notes. Specially interesting are two appendices, about "the contribution," as Johnson calls it, "from the Scotch, that wandered over the Kingdom of Poland" to the Royalist cause in the time of the Commonwealth. The editor, however, falls at times into strange errors. Thus we read in a note on Bishop Burnet:—"A prominent figure in political life, and a singularly effective preacher, he received the unusual compliment of being thanked by the House of Commons for his poems." Is Saul also among the prophets? Is Burnet among the poets? Then why did not Johnson write his Life? The Bishop was so far from poetry that in his "History of his own Times" he contemptuously speaks of one of the poets whose life Johnson has written as "One Prior." We had thought that "poems" might be a misprint for "sermons;" but on turning to the Bishop's Life we find that it was for the first volume of his History of the Reformation that the thanks were given—"an honour," says his biographer, "never before or since paid to any writer." The date of Collier's "Short View" is given as 1738—thirty-seven years, that is to say, after the death of Dryden, who had complained of the rudeness of his attack. Cibber is made Poet-Laureate in 1757, the year of his death. He held the office for nearly thirty years. David Mallet, who is made famous in Johnson's Dictionary under *Alias*, has another *alias* given him by our editor; for in a note he appears as Daniel Mallet. The clan Macgregor, to which "by his

original" he belonged, was outlawed, we are told in another note, "by an act of the Privy Council of James I., in 1693" [*sic*]. In the Life of Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, Johnson says that that nobleman "built that house in the park, which is now the Queen's." On this passage the editor gives us the following curious note:—"In 1761. Buckingham House was purchased for the Crown and settled on Queen Charlotte for life, being called the Queen's House. Here George I. frequently resided, and here took place the famous interview with Johnson." If we remove the stop after "1761," and change George I. into George III., the statement is correct; but these two changes are somewhat considerable. We are astonished to find one of Johnson's pleasantries turned into a serious statement. One day, as every reader of Boswell will remember, "in a pretty large company, humorously ascertaining the chronology of something, he expressed himself thus: 'That was the year when I came to London with twopence-halfpenny in my pocket.' Garrick, overhearing him, exclaimed, 'Eh? what do you say? with twopence-halfpenny in your pocket?' Johnson: 'Why, yes; when I came with twopence-halfpenny in my pocket, and thou, Davy, with three-halfpence in thine.'" The editor, gravely and correctly adding the two sums together, says that "Garrick accompanied Johnson on his first visit to London in 1736 [it was in 1737] with fourpence in their pockets between them." However, among so many notes, some blunders must be looked for. The information that is commonly given will be of value to the general reader, if not to scholars.

Professor Hales's introduction is as brief as Mr. Arnold's. It is not uninteresting, but we do not know that he adds much to what had been already said. In some of his statements he is certainly in error, and in some of his quotations he is strangely inaccurate. Thus in criticising the criticism of "Lycidas," he puts nonsense into Johnson's mouth. He makes him say, "There is no nature, for there is nothing new." What he really wrote was, "In this poem there is no nature, for there is no truth; there is no art, for there is nothing new." In another passage Professor Hales makes him write of Addison, "His criticism is condemned as tentative, as experimental rather than scientific." A moment's reflection in revising the proofs should have shown him that such a sentence could not have been written by Johnson. It is not in his style. He did not write "as tentative, *as* experimental," but "as tentative *or* experimental." *Tentative* was a word as yet so little used that no instance of it is given in the dictionary. It required, therefore, explanation. Of Gray's "Bard," Johnson said, "It might have been concluded with an action of better example; but suicide is always to be had without expense of thought." On this Professor Hales observes:—"Could an ethical intrusion be more impertinent? Only a confirmed and hardened moraliser, so to say, could have injected such a remark on such an occasion." It was, we believe, quite as much the want of art as the want of morality which provoked Johnson's censure. Mr. Hales should have recalled the passage a little earlier in the same volume, in which Young's favourite catastrophe of lavish suicide is ridiculed—"a method by which, as Dryden remarked, a poet easily rids his scene of persons whom he wants not to keep alive."

We had marked many other passages for criticism, but we must content ourselves with passing over all but one. It was with amazement that we read that "Boswell's contemporaries received the Lives with profound submission and reverence." Professor Hales has forgotten "the hounds of Whiggism who opened in full cry against the Life of Milton." He has forgotten the outcries of the friends of Gray and of Lyttelton. Horace Walpole made a conscience of not buying criticisms which he despised. The Life of Pope he called a most trumpery performance. Dr. Warton, in the second volume of his Essay on Pope, which was published a year after the last of the Lives, maintained that "Pope had written nothing in a strain so truly sublime as 'The Bard' of Gray." "The eighteenth century did not believe," as our Professor maintains, "that poetry began with Waller, and had gone on improving ever since." At all events, that was not the belief of Johnson or Warton. The most that Johnson says of Waller is that "it cannot be denied that he added something to our elegance of diction, and something to our propriety of thought;" while Milton he describes as "that poet whose works may possibly be read when every other monument of British greatness shall be obliterated." Warton places Waller far below Shakespeare, Milton, and Spenser, and below Cowley and Dryden. He held much the same opinion of one kind of poetry as Professor Hales holds more than a hundred years later. "The largest portion of Pope's works," he says, "is of the didactic, moral, and satyric kind, and consequently not of the most poetic species of poetry." The great writers and thinkers of the eighteenth century would indeed be often sadly perplexed were they to look upon their portraits as drawn by the critical writers of our time.

ÉMILE HENNEQUIN.

Quelques Écrivains Français. Par Émile Hennequin. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1890.

A few years ago France had a trio of critics who seemed likely to revive the former triumphs of French criticism. M. Jules Lemaître still writes his delightful articles, so often a great deal more sensible than they pretend to be, a great deal less whimsical than he would have us think. M. Paul Bourget has abandoned criticism, for which nature had fitted him, for the sake of fiction, to which he has fitted himself, with admirable pecuniary results, and interesting results otherwise. But his novels are the novels of a critic, not of a novelist. "Le Disciple" makes a certain sort of sensation, but how can one help regretting that it is not a new "Essai de psychologie contemporaine"? The third of the trio, and in some ways the most remarkable, Émile Hennequin, died about a year ago, just after the publication of his first volume, "La Critique Scientifique." Since his death two more volumes have appeared—"Écrivains Français" (essays on Dickens, Heine, Tourguéneff, Poe, Dostoïeffsky, and Tolstoï), and "Quelques Écrivains Français" (essays on Flaubert, Zola, Hugo, Goncourt, Huysmans, etc.). Another, "Poèmes en Prose," is to follow.

It was the ambition of Émile Hennequin to found a new science—the science of criticism. His is no doubt the best of the many attempts that have been made in that impossible direction. The system he has invented has considerable plausibility, and does indeed, in the hands of its inventor, go a long way. But surely this "Æsthopsychology" of his (he apologises for the name) is a personal system rather than a science of general application. Imagine M. Bourget or Mr. Pater writing criticism on the rigid plan of the "Critique Scientifique"! The book is very fruitful, all the same, and deserves consideration. Better than the theory, however, is the practical result of the theory as we see it in the "Écrivains Français" and these more recent "Écrivains Français." Hennequin's thoroughness was so great that he always gives one the impression of having completely exhausted his subject. Read his essay on Edgar Poe, and try to think what he has omitted. So minute is it that even Baudelaire's two essays—the best that have ever been written on the most perplexing of personalities—seem to have failed to take certain things into consideration. Read his essay on Huysmans, and contrast it with the very superficial and *bourgeois* deliverance of M. Lemaître on the same subject. A writer like Huysmans, who has brought something new into literature, something not particularly agreeable to the sensations of ordinary people, is the proper touchstone of the critic. With all the

rigidity of his method, Hennequin was singularly catholic in his sympathies. A man who could be friends with both Daudet and Bourget, who could associate with Zola and yet not be a disciple, with Mallarmé and yet not be a devotee, was something of a wonder to the conventional French *littérateur* of the coteries. Here was a man who refused to bow down to Victor Hugo, and who stated his reasons for declining the customary homage; who saw that the author of "À Rebours" was not a mere utterer of paradoxes, but a new force; who, in short, had neither reverence for established reputations nor contempt for reputations that were struggling for existence, but the same sharp, clear-eyed interest in all. Had he lived, he would have done much, very much, to widen boundaries and explain the theses of one school to the disciples of another. His system of "scientific criticism" was, above all, useful in this: that it chained him to the logical development of his views and opinions, securing him from even the temptation to go off along attractive side-paths, as most critics find it a relief to do. His essays have no digressions; not a paragraph could be spared, not a page has the air of having been written for effect. He subordinated himself to his *métier*, and his criticisms, one is inclined to think, must have permanent value. That value is really quite independent of the system to which they were to give actuality. The science of criticism is yet to be discovered.

OLD SCOTTISH LIFE AND HISTORY.

SCOTTISH NATIONAL MEMORIALS: A RECORD OF THE HISTORICAL AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL COLLECTIONS IN THE BISHOP'S CASTLE, GLASGOW, 1888. Edited by James Paton, with the assistance of Sir Arthur Mitchell, Dr. Joseph Anderson, &c. &c. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. 1890.

THIS handsome volume is an outcome of the Glasgow International Exhibition of 1888, in which there was brought together an extensive and valuable collection of objects of historical and archæological interest preserved in or connected with Scotland. "That collection," says the preface, "was the largest and most important that had ever been brought together, and it was felt to be worthy of a more permanent record than could be given by any official catalogue. It was therefore determined to prepare a volume which should not only be an illustrated memorial, but a national contribution to the history of Scottish Antiquities, and a vivid picture of Scottish life. . . . The whole collection has been carefully examined by experts, who have contributed accounts of many relics which are intimately bound up with Scottish history. . . . The story given with each object lent, and the story told by the object itself, have been duly weighed. In some cases it has been found that the appearance of the objects is inconsistent with traditions which have been cherished regarding them; but it has been thought proper when these traditions themselves were found to be of wide acceptance and venerable antiquity, to give some account of the stories which attach to them." The book is thus not merely a permanent record of an instructive collection of objects gathered from many quarters, but largely also a sort of manual of Scottish archæology, a manual which is not the less interesting for being based on a study of particular articles, some of which tell their own tale, while others are bound up with and derive their value from remarkable incidents in Scottish history. The writers are most of them men conspicuous for their special knowledge of the subjects they deal with, and have in general done their work with care and judgment. There is hardly any branch of inquiry in which critical methods have been more improved during the last fifty years than archæology, as anyone may see who compares a book like this with the lucubrations of even the better men among the contemporaries of Walter Scott. Some idea of the scope of the work may be obtained from the titles of the sections into which it is divided. They are—"Scottish Archæology," including Prehistoric remains, Roman, Early Christian, and Mediæval remains; "Historic and Personal Relics," including memorials and portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, engraved portraits of John Knox, notes relating to the Covenant of 1638, Montrose, James Guthrie, the battles of Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge, Claverhouse, the Massacre of Glencoe, Rob Roy; "Scottish Literature," including notes on Bibles, Psalm-books and Prayer-books, the Glasgow Press, Robert Burns, and Walter Scott; "Burghal Memorials," drawn from Aberdeen, Dumfries, Dundee, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Irvine, Linlithgow, Perth, St. Andrews, Stirling, with notes on Masonic Relics and Beggars' Badges; "Illustrations of Scottish Life, Military, Industrial, and Domestic," a very large and miscellaneous section, including weapons, dress, jewellery, and games, as well as implements of torture, charms and amulets, and communion tokens.

There is in this long list something for every taste—matter which belongs to the historian of art as well as to the student of social phenomena. The least satisfactory part is the prehistoric and early mediæval, comparatively few objects belonging to this period having been got together at Glasgow in 1888. The completest is that which illustrates the political personages as well as the domestic and social life of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Here are given accounts, in some cases very full, of the portraits of famous persons—including thirty-five of Queen Mary and eighteen of John Knox—copies, illustrated in some cases by fac-similes, of remarkable documents, such as the First Solemn League and Covenant, and the order to carry out the Massacre of Glencoe; descriptions and figures of Jacobite relics associated with the Pretender and Prince Charles Edward, and with other persons who figure in the history of the time, such as Rob Roy and Flora Macdonald. Reading the lists of objects contributed makes one realise the abundant material that exists in Scotland for a National Portrait Gallery and a National Historical Museum, where things which are at present a source of pleasure to their owners only, might be made available to students and a stimulus to the historic interest of the Scottish public. Considering the pride the Scotch take in their history, they have done less to promote its study by national and local societies and collections than might have been expected; and are markedly behind both Switzerland and the United States in this respect.

From the numerous notices of the use of objects exhibited we extract the following curious instance of domestic torture:—"In Tranent, somewhere about the year 1590, a certain David Seaton, because his maid, Geillis Duncane, helped people who were ill, suspected her of doing it by 'unlawful means'—in other words, by sorcery. And because she would not answer his questions, 'her maister, to the intent that he might the better trie and finde out the truth of the same, did, with the help of others, torment her with the torture of the Pilliwinkes upon her fingers, which is a grievous torture, and binding or wrinching her head with a cord or roape, which is a most cruell torment also; yet she would not confess anything.'" The Pilliwinkes, or Pirliewinkles, were plates of iron, between which the fingers were placed, the upper plates being then screwed down so as to bruise and crush the muscles, and even the bones. It gives one a lively notion of the good old times to find an instrument of torture as part of the furniture of a private house, to be used, it would seem, at the discretion of a master who did not find even the scourge sufficient for his purpose. Not less illustrative of old Scotland are the charm-stones, of which some details and figures are given, used sometimes as amulets to protect the wearer in battle, sometimes for curing the diseases of cattle, sometimes to avert the spells of witches, sometimes as antidotes to poison, or as

vehicles enhancing the power of remedies. One of the most curious kinds were elfin arrow-heads. Till comparatively recent times the flint arrow-heads of our prehistoric ancestors were believed to be of supernatural origin, the bolts of spirits, both beneficent and malign, shot by invisible hands from the air. In accordance with their supernatural origin so was their mystical virtue, and no charm was so effective against the machinations of evil spirits and the spells of witches. Like other charm-stones, they also endowed water in which they were dipped with remarkable curative virtues for cattle, and, set in gold or silver, they were eagerly sought for as amulets. Flint arrow-heads continue to be so much in request for mounting as brooches in Ireland that a lively trade in fabricated imitations is maintained to meet the demand.

MR. MACKONOCHIE AND HIS PERSECUTORS.

Alexander Heriot Mackonochie: a Memoir. By E. A. T. Edited by Edward Francis Russell, M.A., St. Alban's, Holborn. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1890.

If it be the part of wisdom to "call no man happy till he is dead," it is not less so to call no man's life a failure till its career on earth is closed. During the most active and useful period of his life Mr. Mackonochie was regarded by the outside world not only as a failure but as a nuisance in addition; a superstitious, shallow bigot, a troubler of Israel who ought to be summarily suppressed. And various efforts, extending over a series of years, were made to suppress him. To this persistent persecution he at last succumbed. After twenty years of laborious work in one of the poorest and most squalid districts of London, he exchanged livings with the vicar of St. Peter's, London Docks. This peace-offering, prompted in the kindest way by the late Archbishop Tait, failed to conciliate Mr. Mackonochie's persecutors. And from their own point of view they were doubtless in the right. If the cut or colour of a vestment was of more consequence than the reclamation of degraded humanity in the slums of Holborn, it was equally so in the neighbourhood of the London Docks. Mr. Mackonochie was accordingly delivered over again to the Law Courts, and a sentence of deprivation was passed upon him for transgressing the law as laid down by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

At St. Alban's he was suspended for the same offence; but he disregarded the sentence, and the Bishop made no attempt to enforce the decision of the secular court. It is possible that no attempt would have been made to enforce rigidly the sentence of deprivation. The Bishop of London gave no countenance to the persecution, and it was notoriously contrary to the dying wishes of Archbishop Tait. But Mr. Mackonochie was tired of conflict and was broken in health; and, moreover, the pecuniary resources of the parish would have been cut off by the prosecutors. Mr. Mackonochie, therefore, sent to the Bishop the resignation of his benefice, and returned to St. Alban's in the capacity of an assistant curate. But in reality his work was done. He had overworked both mind and body, and his tired brain began to fail. His memory became uncertain, and fits of absence became frequent, and at last led him to a tragic, yet not inappropriate, death. There are few incidents in any biography more pathetic than Mr. Mackonochie's last walk among the mountains near Glencoe. Probably forgetting to turn homewards before dark, he lost his way and wandered through the snow with torn feet till he fell exhausted and died. After three days' search his body was found on the mountain side, lovingly guarded by the faithful deerhound and Skye terrier which had accompanied him in his walk and never left him.

His body was removed to St. Alban's, Holborn, and thence transferred to its last resting-place in Woking Cemetery. It was carried across the centre of London through manifestations of sympathy which are rarely accorded even to the heroes of worldly fame. But we had better quote the biographer's description:—

> "As the service [at St. Alban's] ended, the procession formed in perfect order, the vast assembled crowd reverently and silently co-operating with the police so as to avoid any confusion. The large silver crucifix was followed by the members of the choir, and after them by about fifty clergy in surplices; then the bier, with lights on either side, the pall-bearers being all clergy connected with St. Alban's. His own near relations and friends followed in carriages, and then came the Sisters, members of the Confraternity, Parochial Guilds, and hundreds of clergy, all walking four abreast. There were representatives of every age and class. . . . The long procession moved slowly on amongst the crowds of people who lined the way down High Holborn and Chancery Lane, and along the Strand to Waterloo Station; and the hymns, sung at intervals as they passed along, rang out clearly above the mingled sounds and the roar of the city. For once the incessant traffic in the great thoroughfares was arrested. London was startled into wonder; death had hushed even those who had once condemned him into silence, and the wave of feeling swept from the train of mourners over anxious and indifferent spectators, as with tears and prayers, and yet in a sort of triumph, they carried him to his grave."

What manner of a man was he who was thus honoured in his death? He was a man of no intellectual distinction, of no academic renown, of no position in society, no great preacher, an indifferent scholar, a parochial clergyman, in fact, who devoted his life to the service of suffering humanity, doing good and seeking no reward; reviled, but never rendering railing for railing; persecuted, and blessing his persecutors. Such was Mr. Mackonochie, of St. Alban's, Holborn; and the first lesson which his life teaches is that character is, after all, the most potent influence for good among men. This world is just in the long run, and feels and does homage to the virtue which goes out of a good character.

Though persecuted as a Ritualist, Mr. Mackonochie was himself no Ritualist—that is, he had no love for ceremonial. He was very defective in imagination, and did not care for music. The simpler divine worship was, the better he liked it. He was no stickler for form, and he dispensed even with the regulated service of the Church of England, and conformed to Presbyterian models, when he thought that by doing so he was winning souls to God. Occasionally he made his holiday in an obscure fishing village near Aberdeen, and after performing divine service according to the Book of Common Prayer, in the morning and afternoon, it was his habit to conduct the evening service after the Presbyterian fashion. Describing one of these services, he says that "all the corners were stuffed with fisherwives, fishermen, and great lads. We sang a psalm sitting, then extempore prayer standing, then chapter of the Bible and another psalm as before, then exposition, paraphrases, extempore hymn, and blessing."

Like many High Churchmen, Mr. Mackonochie came of a Low Church stock. Some of his near relations thought that a clergyman was on the highway to perdition who "turned his back upon the congregation at the Belief;" and another "wrote in indignant distress at the innovations in church." Here is a specimen:—"We have had quite a *new* service, and the Communion on Ascension Day. We none of us approved of it, and did not go to church."

A lucid summary of the judicial proceedings against Mr. Mackonochie is given in this volume; but it is impossible to explain the intricacies of the case within the limited space at our disposal. The gist of the controversy, however, may be stated in a few words. The law of ritual in the English Book of Common Prayer is laid down in what is called the Ornaments Rubric, which prescribes that the ritual in use in the second year of the reign of King Edward VI. is still lawful. The Judicial Committee—one of the strongest in numbers and judicial weight—ruled in the year 1857 that whatever ritual was lawful in the second year of Edward "may still be used." That is the common-sense meaning of the Rubric, and indeed the only grammatical and logical meaning, if the Rubric alone be considered. But the Rubric, being a statutable enactment, ought legally to be interpreted within the meaning of its

own language alone. In subsequent judgments of the same tribunal, however, after the Ritualists had become unpopular, a contrary interpretation was put upon the Ornaments Rubric. The Court in the Ridsdale case plainly asserted that the Rubric, taken alone, sanctioned the ritual which was declared illegal in the case of Mr. Mackonochie and others. The Court therefore proceeded to "read into" the Rubric a negative instead of an affirmative. A strange proceeding! What was its justification? An explanation still stranger. In 1566 certain advertisements were issued by the authority of Queen Elizabeth, prescribing a minimum of ritual. The Judicial Committee decided that this minimum was to be the maximum, although the Advertisements do not hint at such a thing. But putting aside the fact that the legal authority of these Advertisements is very disputable, it seems odd that they should be held to abrogate a statute nearly a century later. The Ornaments Rubric which, according to the Judicial Committee in 1857, sanctioned the condemned ritual, dates from 1662. The doubtful Advertisements, which are held to abrogate it by the same Court seventeen years afterwards, date from 1566! Such is the chaos in which learned lawyers have left the question. Mr. Mackonochie's prosecutors, however, gained nothing by their triumph in the Law Courts. The condemned ritual has never ceased to be used in the church of which Mr. Mackonochie was the first incumbent, and public opinion has at length sickened of these prosecutions, and is disposed to be tolerant in the matter of externals provided the work be real.

THE NOTES OF A SPORTSMAN-NATURALIST.

Wild Beasts and their Ways. By Sir Samuel Baker, F.R.S., F.R.G.S. Two vols., 8vo. London: Macmillan & Co.

Sir Samuel Baker, who has shot at different times the biggest wild beasts still existing in Europe, Asia, Africa (above all), and America, has contributed, as the summing-up of his observations and experiences, one of the most interesting and trustworthy books on the natural history of big game which have yet been published. It must also be remarked that the illustrations in this work, which are drawn by Mr. H. Dixon, represent the highest water mark which animal drawing has as yet reached. They are not only admirably true to life in every detail—even to the turn of the head, the folding of a paw, or the cock of the tail—but they are works of art at the same time in composition and truthful *chiaro-'scuro*.

Sir Samuel Baker opens with a very sensible chapter on guns and ammunition, which is worthy of the closest attention on the part of those who are intending to be big-game sportsmen. He shows clearly how futile is the hollow bullet in *killing* large animals outright, and strongly recommends a solid lead projectile instead.

Three chapters are devoted to a study of the elephant, Asiatic and African. Sir Samuel Baker brings out strongly the marked difference between the two forms, and maintains that they should not be relegated to the same genus, *Elephas*, as their divergence is something more than merely specific. Thus the shape of the skull, the size of the ears, the structure of the molar teeth, are markedly different in the Asiatic and the African elephant. In the latter beast the shoulder is the highest point of the body, and the back is hollow; in the former the back is convex, and the shoulder much lower than the central part of the spine. The African elephant has the tip of its trunk ending in prehensile lips, and the Indian elephant has in the same place only one side of the aperture developed into a prehensile finger.

Sir Samuel Baker truthfully describes the African elephant as a great digger. It is usually in the habit of digging with its right tusk (which is consequently more worn and sharper than the other), and with this weapon it frequently prises up small trees, so as to feed on their succulent roots. Occasionally in this way the right tusk is broken off short, and the left will then grow to an inordinate length, and often assume a spiral shape. Elephants sometimes fell trees (especially the Borassus or Hyphæne palms, of the fruit of which they are very fond) by butting them violently with their foreheads—using themselves as a battering-ram, in fact.

The author of this book very rightly asks why the African elephant should not be re-domesticated, for it was certainly tamed and trained to warfare and the games of the circus of the Carthaginians and Romans. The only reasonable answer to this question is that no one has tried the experiment since the Roman Empire fell, for, as Sir Samuel Baker well remarks, the negro seems incapable of domesticating a wild animal. It is, in fact, curious that all the domesticated mammals and birds in Africa are of Asiatic, and in one case (the Muscovy duck) of American, origin, and have been tamed by superior races and passed on to the negro. Though he possesses the ox, the goat, the sheep, and in some places the horse, the pig, the dog, the cat, the fowl, and the duck (none of which are natives of Africa in their origin), he has never thought of domesticating the elephant, the buffalo, the eland, the zebra, the warthog, the smaller antelopes, the jackal, the guinea-fowl, or the many African wild geese. The only doubtful exception to this rule is the wild ass of north-east Africa, which is, to some extent, tamed and kept as a beast of burden by the Masai and the Wa-nyamwezi of East Africa. But this acquisition was no doubt first made by the Semitic Abyssinians, who passed it on to the Gallas, who in turn introduced it to the Masai, from whom finally the Bantu Wa-nyamwezi received the ancestors of their present herds of semi-wild asses.

Among many other interesting observations as to the idiosyncrasies of the elephant is the description of his power of using the trunk as a sort of stomach-pump. Elephants, it would seem, dislike long exposure to a hot sun and a dry wind. They require to keep the skin always moist, and when this cannot be effected by bathing or syringing themselves with fresh water, they do it by curling their trunks down their throats and sucking up the water from their stomachs, which they then squirt over their parched bodies. The elephant is a thoroughly water-loving beast. He delights in the heat of the day to seek some suitable deep pool, and sink his whole huge bulk therein below the surface, merely keeping the tip of his trunk above the water to breathe through.

From the elephant to the tiger is a natural transition when these two fine beasts are so intimately connected with the pleasures and perils of the chase in India; so of *Felis tigris* does Sir Samuel Baker treat with much vivid description and many thrilling anecdotes before he comes to consider the lion—though he makes an ample apology to the king of beasts for this seeming error in the table of precedence, and pays him compensating homage for consideration out of due turn. We have not sufficient space to quote a sample of Sir Samuel Baker's tiger stories. It must suffice to say that some of them are so novel and exciting that one flies dry-mouthed through the pages, eager to see how the tale ends; how the persevering hunter at last succeeds in shooting the demon tiger which has baffled so many previous sportsmen that it is popularly supposed to be an enchanted beast, proof against man's weapons; or how, on the other hand, the industrious and thoughtful tiger at last succeeds in carrying off the postman and devouring him with bloodthirsty appetite and thorough-going "waste not, want not" fixity of purpose.

In dealing with the leopard (and later on with the antelopes) Sir Samuel Baker adopts some classifications which are old-fashioned and unscientific—in fact, in the arrangement of species and genera he appears to have scarcely read later authorities than Cuvier; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the authorities whom he quotes, such as the German naturalist-explorer Heuglin, themselves date their arrangements of *genera* and *species* from

the now obsolete works of Cuvier. For instance, the classification of antelopes given in p. 189 of vol. ii. is seventy years out of date, and would shock such authorities as Mr. P. L. Sclater or Sir Victor Brooke. So, again, the idea which Sir Samuel Baker develops of all the smaller cats—or, rather, all the cats save the lion and tiger—being "leopards," savours of the classification of the Rev. J. G. Wood, who no doubt derived it also from Cuvier through a series of British Museum catalogues which are now gently put aside. The jaguar of South America has no special affinities with the leopard of the Old World (other than that they are both members of the genus *Felis*), but is simply a huge, exaggerated ocelot; and the puma, that large uni-coloured cat misnamed the American lion, is nothing more than a large development of the *Felis Eyra* and the *F. Yaguarundi* types—small-headed, long-tailed cats, with monotonous reddish-grey fur.

However, as Sir Samuel Baker's views on these subjects are put forward without dogmatism, it would be ungracious to criticise them too severely, especially when the bulk of these two well-written volumes is of a character to delight the studious naturalist, who must perforce rise from their perusal better instructed than before he read them, for these two books are *real natural* history—the history of wild beasts in a state of nature.

FOUR NOVELS.

1. "The World's Desire." By H. Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.
2. "In the Valley." By Harold Frederic. Three vols. London: William Heinemann. 1890.
3. "The Snake's Pass." By Bram Stoker, M.A. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington, Limited. 1891.
4. "The Baronets and Their Brides." By William Matthew Cox, Vicar of Tockwith, York. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1890.

One would have expected "The World's Desire" to be an unusually good novel. Mr. Andrew Lang seems to be especially fitted to fill up that which was wanting in Mr. Rider Haggard, not to deprive him of his spirit and invention, but to lead him gently into a more perfect style. To a certain extent we are disappointed in "The World's Desire." It is not so good as the best work of either Mr. Haggard or Mr. Lang. We have certain and indisputable proofs that Mr. Lang has read Homer and is familiar with classical mythology, and we can quite understand that this accounts for the introduction of Odysseus as the hero of this story. And, as it would be a pity for Mr. Rider Haggard to waste all his Egyptian research, of course Odysseus had to go to Egypt. But we cannot guess to which of the authors it is due that Odysseus arrives at Egypt at the time of the ten plagues. We think this curious blend of three religions may possibly be a little bewildering to some readers, and a little displeasing to others. The story of the loves of Odysseus and Meriamun and the Golden Helen contains some powerful and dramatic scenes. Mrs. Grundy will not quite like part of it, but as this happens to be one of the strongest parts of the story, written with right taste and restrained power, we are not greatly concerned about Mrs. Grundy. The lyrics, as might have been expected, are finished and beautiful. The interest of the story is sufficient—not more than sufficient—to keep the ordinary reader's attention from first to last. Strangely enough, the book's worst fault is its style. Anything more irritating than affected simplicity in large quantities cannot be imagined. Such a style may, perhaps, be justly required by a translation of Homer; but few people would read enough of that translation at a time to weary themselves. It is impossible to read very much of "The World's Desire" without detecting some of the trick of it. And if one would not laugh at it, one must keep one's sense of humour resolutely under control. The tricky use of capital letters is quite overdone in this book. We own that the Snake is more significant than the snake, and Sin seems more sinful than sin; but, as with all tricks, frequency is fatal.

Mr. Harold Frederic has written better stories and less ambitious stories than "In the Valley." The book is the autobiography of its hero, a rather phlegmatic Dutchman, who is not, however, without the qualities that make a hero. It is political and historical; its characters are sketched with clearness and fidelity to life; much of the book is pathetic and powerful. But it cannot be denied that we have been much more interested in characters in Mr. Frederic's previous books. No one character in the present story catches the reader's sympathies at once, or retains them constantly. The geniality, the humour, the lightness of touch which we have learned to expect from Mr. Frederic seem to have almost entirely gone. Their absence may in part be due to the fact that the story is supposed to be told by the rather phlegmatic hero; the absence may be intentional and artistic. If, however, we are deeply interested and frequently amused when Mr. Frederic is telling us a story, and very much less interested and amused when he creates a phlegmatic Dutchman to do it for him, we may be excused for preferring the former. It would be a mistake to condemn the book altogether because it occasionally seems dull and prolix. It has the good points which we have already mentioned, and it also has a fine and successful disregard of conventionality. Mr. Frederic stays his hero's hand at moments when most other authors would have made him fight; he has the courage to fight, and to fight well, as we discover in the course of the book, but he also has the courage to allow himself to be considered a coward when he has a sufficient motive for restraint. There is, too, an air of reality about the whole book; it does not always interest us—real life is not always interesting—but there is not, we think, anything which seems coloured, or arranged, or which is obviously introduced in deference to the necessities of the plot. The book purports to be an autobiography, and it reads just like an autobiography.

Mr. Bram Stoker's "The Snake's Pass" is an Irish story. It appealed originally to a very large class of readers—the people. It is a very hopeful sign that those who edit popular weekly papers seem to have discovered that the people like good work, and that it pays to give them good work. "The Snake's Pass" is an exciting and amusing book, dealing with a subject which the novelists have not yet worked to death. Like most novels, it has its faults; but these do not include the terrible vulgarity, the reckless ignorance, and the slipshod writing which once characterised the popular serial. Of course, use is made of popular materials. We search long and scientifically for hidden treasure; we have to deal with a villain of that peculiar type of villainy which is dear to the melodramatist; and the love story is the weakest part of the book. But the author treats also, as we have pointed out, a subject about which little is generally known, and which he succeeds in making very interesting. He tells his tale with spirit and humour, and it certainly deserves to be popular.

One knows almost what to expect from a book with such a title as "The Baronets and their Brides." The Vicar of Tockwith has the most excellent intentions. He objects strongly, and we believe rightly, to drunkenness, roulette, suicide, and general injudiciousness. But it is a very great pity that his excellent intentions should have driven him to a task for which he is not fitted. His dialogue is flat and unnatural; his characters are dummies; his story is dull; his platitudes are irritating; and his verse is maddening. If he has the good causes which he advocates really at heart, he will refrain from the rest of his "contemplated series." The pill which he would administer is excellent, but the jam in which he conceals it is nauseous.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE latest volume in the "Great Artists" series consists of an interesting sketch of "William Mulready." Mr. Stephens thinks that Mulready carried onwards in art the work which Wilkie began, and he describes him as more ambitious, and more successful alike in colour and drawing than the painter whose traditions he inherited. Mulready was an Irishman, but almost the whole of his long and industrious life was spent in London. He loved his art with whole-hearted devotion, and when quite an old man declared, "I have drawn all my life as if I were drawing for a prize." He lingered over his pictures with almost fastidious care, and never could be induced to part with a canvas until he felt that he could do no more to it. Sir Edwin Landseer used to say that Mulready's drawings were admirable examples for students, because they were so true to life. "Everything," said Sir Edwin, "seems to be done on oath by him; he can account for every touch, and is a good anatomist." Mulready was an old man and an authority on art when the Pre-Raphælite movement began, but to his honour he refused to join in the outcry against the "Brotherhood." "Never mind what they say, go on" —were his words; "what is good in your views will outlive this squabble; it was the same when I was young." Personally, Mulready was a most charming man, genial and frank, full of anecdote, and still more full of kindliness. He possessed a keen sense of humour, and was a true gentleman in the best sense of the word. This little book is written in a somewhat desultory strain, but it nevertheless recalls pleasantly an attractive figure, and also sums up with some degree of ability the special characteristics not merely of the man but also of the artist. There are two good portraits of Mulready in the volume, and several reproductions of his studies from the life and other drawings.

The autobiography of the late Major Skinner has just been published under the title of "Fifty Years in Ceylon." Thomas Skinner was born in Newfoundland in 1804, but from youth to the verge of old age laboured in the public service in Ceylon, rising step by step to the position of Commissioner of Public Works, an appointment which he held with much honour to himself and benefit to the community until his return to England in 1867. Sir Monier Williams, in an interesting preface to the volume, lays stress on the work achieved by Major Skinner as an engineer and road-maker. In his opinion, the life of Major Skinner displayed, in a manly but unostentatious form, the best sort of British pluck and energy. Indeed, Sir Monier Williams holds up the writer of this book as a typical example of self-help and self-reliance, and he thinks that such a career ought to be recorded, especially at a time like the present, when the "force of our national individuality seems likely to undergo a process of dilution by the growing desire for combined and corporate action in every sphere of life." Major Skinner was an officer of great administrative ability, and equal integrity, who won the goodwill of his fellow-countrymen in Ceylon, and at the same time was regarded by the Singhalese as one of their chief benefactors. He took a noteworthy part in convincing a half-civilised race of the advantage of English ascendency in the East, in the interests of progress and enlightenment. Sixty years ago, when he began his public work in Ceylon, there were only two roads in the island; but when he relinquished his position, it contained a network of roads and bridges, and in many other directions the opportunities of the people have been enlarged. In blunt straight-forward English a graphic account is given in these pages of the social and educational progress of Ceylon during the half-century in which his lot was cast in that island, and we are glad to find that the elevation of the people is largely attributed, by so competent and experienced an eye-witness, to the self-denying and unwearied devotion of the missionaries. As a picture of official life in a country which even yet is scarcely known to the majority of English readers, this book can be commended. It ought not, however, to have been published without an index, an omission which in this instance is more than usually unfortunate.

The years in which Nathaniel Hawthorne filled an irksome official post in England were, from a literary point of view, a barren and unfruitful period. He chafed, not a little, at the restraints of his position, and was far too sensitive and self-absorbed a man to enjoy his consular experiences. There are some delightful glimpses of the great historic houses of England in "Our Old Home," but the book falls lamentably below the usual level reached by a great creative genius. At best it is but a kind of superior guide-book, which gains its chief interest from the light which it casts on the character and temperament of the writer. Hawthorne's habit of minutely accurate observation seems to have deserted him to some extent in this book, and it would not be difficult to point out errors of statement which still disfigure the text. The sketches, in fact, though vivid and artistic, lack to a noteworthy degree the qualities of thought and expression which lend so subtle a charm to the more imaginative and ambitious writings of the author of "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of the Seven Gables." Hawthorne himself had his own misgivings about the book, and was conscious, in spite of the welcome which it received, that it did not do justice to his own powers. Messrs. Chatto & Windus have, however, lavished a great deal of care and taste on this edition; indeed, so far as paper, type, and binding are concerned, the book could scarcely have been produced in a more attractive shape. There are a number of fine photogravures of celebrated buildings referred to in the text, and, by way of frontispiece, an admirable vignette of Hawthorne. "A man who needs a monument," declared Hawthorne once, "does not deserve to have one." He assuredly needs no monument, and therefore we are inclined to think that it is rather a left-handed compliment to perpetuate his most superficial book in this sumptuous form. It seems to us to throw the work out of its place, which is near the bottom, and not at the top, of Hawthorne's writings.

A new edition of the late Dr. Leared's well-known book of travel, "Marocco and the Moors," has just appeared, and a melancholy interest is attached to the work by the fact that the last literary task which Sir Richard Burton undertook was to write a genial introduction to the volume. Fifteen years have elapsed since the book first appeared, and although great and far-reaching changes have taken place in Europe within that period, life in Marocco still remains almost as monotonous and sleepy as it was a generation back. Dr. Leared travelled widely in the country, and it was his habit to note down on the spot everything that seemed worth recording, and afterwards to correct and supplement his own observations by information derived from European residents in the country. Sir Richard Burton describes him as a "learned physician, a skilled practitioner, an observer of no common powers, and a genial, liberal, travelled man." If the manners and customs of Moorish life have not perceptibly changed in the last fifteen or twenty years, it is no longer correct to say that the interior is "far less known" than such remote regions as China and Japan. Every year, Sir Richard Burton justly declares, opens up new regions and brings us fresh information; at the same time it would be difficult to name a book which gives a more vivid and reliable description of social life amongst the Moors than this shrewd and carefully written work.

In the space of about sixty pages Mr. Ainscough manages to give a good many curious facts concerning the social customs and commercial activity of "London of the Past." It is city life towards the close of the sixteenth century which is chiefly depicted in these pleasant and well-informed pages, but the author also makes "occasional incursions" both into an earlier and a later age. The little book is packed with odd details of civic life, and is more worthy of perusal than scores of more pretentious books.

Rather more than a clear month in advance of the New Year the first manual of reference for 1891 has reached us. It is a new claimant for public favour, and its three hundred and twenty pages are crowded with a miscellaneous collection of "Facts and Figures" concerning government, population, health, education, commerce, agriculture, and a host of other subjects. The whole of this information is arranged in alphabetical order; and by a system of cross-indexing, it is possible to turn at once to every paragraph in the work. Considerable pains appear to have been taken to secure accuracy as well as brevity of statement, and the little book is in its way likely to prove useful in quarters where larger and more costly works of ready reference are not accessible.

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* MEMORIALS OF WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A. By Frederic G. Stephens. "The Great Artists." Illustrated. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

FIFTY YEARS IN CEYLON. An Autobiography by the late Major Thomas Skinner, C.M.G. Edited by his daughter, Annie Skinner. Portrait. London: W. H. Allen & Co. Demy 8vo.

OUR OLD HOME. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrated. Two vols. London: Chatto & Windus. Crown 8vo. (15s.)

MAROCCO AND THE MOORS. By Arthur Leared, M.D., F.R.C.P. Second Edition. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Demy 8vo. (16s.)

LONDON OF THE PAST: A PICTURE OF THE OLDEN CITY. By J. Ashton Ainscough. London: Elliot Stock. 12mo. (1s.)

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